

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 14, 1973

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Ken Dryden



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Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 78 (Menthol by FTC method).

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Next week

FIRST VOLLEY in the civil war of tournament tennis will be fired in Philadelphia, where the pros open a campaign to breach the barricades of Wimbledon and Forest Hills.

THE DREAM GAME is what Photographer Walter Iooss Jr. calls schoolyard basketball, and with his camera he pursues it across the U.S., wherever the kids and hoops come together.

ALL-AMERICA, boy and half-back. That was Pete Dawkins in 1958, when the land was proud and peaceful and patriotic. Where is he now? A profile of a major, U.S. Army.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

MARINE DEVASTATION

In one area of the eastern Pacific Ocean in 1970 an estimated quarter of a million dolphins died after being trapped in vast nets set out by commercial tuna fishermen. The fishermen welcome the lively marine mammals, which help drive the tuna into the nets. Too bad if a thousand or so are killed when a huge net is hauled in, but what are you gonna do? The slaughter is incidental and almost casual. And it continues. Legislation introduced in Congress to halt or alter the practice is repeatedly undercut: the tuna industry is a vigorous lobbyist.

But what a pointless and disgraceful waste of a potentially invaluable animal. Dolphins have repeatedly demonstrated that they have exceptional intelligence, a natural friendliness toward man and an amazing aptitude for learning. Beyond their aid to man in fishing, they have shown that they can be trained for a variety of other uses and the U.S. Department of Defense has made extensive studies of the possibilities. The Soviet Union places such a high value on them that it has banned their killing or capture.

Killing them to catch tuna is as foolish as cutting down apple trees to pick apples. As Lewis Regenstein wrote in an illuminating report on the problem in *The Miami Herald*, "Because of the limitations of human intelligence, man may never perceive the real nature, the true significance, of these unique creatures that he is so needlessly destroying."

HERE COMES THE SUN

After the ugliness of the Minnesota-Ohio State brawl (SI, Feb. 7), it is a pleasure to talk about Memphis State and Louisville. These Missouri Valley Conference teams got into explosive fights the past two seasons, and before they met again last week at Louisville's Freedom Hall there were fears that the worst was yet to come. Louisville, on a 15-game winning streak, was ranked No. 3 in the nation by AP and UPI polls. Oncoming

Memphis was challenging for a share of the conference lead. Security police were at courtside, ready for anything.

What happened was a hard but clean game, in which Memphis upset the Cardinals 77-69. Despite the galling defeat, the Louisville crowd was hospitable and sportsmanlike, and the players on both teams performed with discipline and control. The game was not the sensation that Minnesota-Ohio State was, but in the long run it might be the more important story.

OF MERGERS AND DRAFTS

The American Basketball Association, which broke with the accepted professional practice of not signing college athletes until their scholastic careers were over when it plucked Spencer Haywood out of Detroit three years ago, has now formally decreed that each of its teams can draft one such underclassman. Although the move is obviously part of the ABA's strategy to bring about Congressional approval of the proposed merger of the ABA and NBA (a merger that presumably will be followed by an agreement not to sign underclassmen), reactions to it were generally negative. Alex Hannum of the ABA's Denver Rockets, the team that signed Haywood in the first place, said flatly that he would not draft an underclassman. "I voted no on the issue," Hannum said. "I'm against it." The NBA's Pete Newell also voiced his disapproval and added, "We opposed the hardship draft, too."

While arguments persist that underclassmen benefit from the opportunity to turn professional, college coaches (page 20) argue the contrary. Grumblyng's Fred Hobby says, "A college education is worth \$150,000 to \$200,000. The kids have a weak bargaining position if they don't finish their four years of college." Guy Lewis of Houston says, "You can't blame the kids for wanting to accept that money but they would get a lot more if they would finish their college careers."

Moreover, despite Haywood's success, there is serious doubt that very many young collegians are ready to compete at the professional level. A possible case in point exists in Utah, where the ABA's Utah Stars recently traded away rookie Rick Fisher, whom the Stars had signed out of Colorado State University last year. After the trade, Colorado State Coach Jim Williams muttered angrily, "I told you so. I told the pro people Rick was not ready for the jump to the pros. I had the films to prove it. But they would not listen, or look. I knew the Stars wouldn't use him. It's another case of professional selfishness harming a young man's future."

STRONG MEDICINE

Environmentalists who turn to the law with problems of pollution sometimes have trouble convincing the court of the situations that exist. Not so F. Patrick Nixon, a sanitary engineer for the New York/New Jersey region of the Environmental Protection Agency. Nixon, in



Federal court on behalf of the Government's attempt to stop 15 Jersey communities from dumping sludge into the Atlantic Ocean, brought two plastic bags of the sludge with him, each tucked away in a Styrofoam picnic cooler. During the hearing, Nixon was instructed to show each bag to the court and identify it. Then he was asked to describe the sludge. Nixon lifted one of the bags and

continued



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began saying, "It contains a brown, semipalmate material with flecks of white and black material. . . ."

"It's dripping out!" an attorney interrupted, and Nixon quickly dropped the bag back in the cooler and put the top on. A few minutes later a foul odor inexorably filled the courtroom. A decision in the matter is still forthcoming, but legal observers agreed that after the bag dripped the Government's case seemed overpowering.

WAGES OF SIN

Jack Loomis, a 6' 10" reserve center at Stanford (he is a transfer from the Stanford of the East, often called Harvard), achieved instant, if local, fame recently against Air Force. Entering the contest late in the first half, the well-meaning but momentarily inept Loomis was charged with five personal fouls in three minutes and 50 seconds, or one every 46 seconds. Ruled out of the game, the towering center left the court holding his head in disbelief, but the gleeful Palo Alto crowd loved it. Loomis was given a standing ovation, and spectators clustered around asking for autographs.

RENAISSANCE

Watch out for Big Ten football. It may be on its way back to the top of the heap. The conference is going along with most schools in following the new NCAA regulations that allow freshmen and junior-college transfers to play varsity football without first sitting out a year but, more significantly, the Big Ten has relaxed its rules on the number of scholarships that can be issued. For example, it used to be that even if an athlete dropped out of college or otherwise lost his scholarship it was still debated against the total number allowed. Now it can be recycled, so to speak. Scholarships will still be limited to a maximum of 120, but where in the past attention might have reduced the actual number of scholarship athletes by as much as 25%, now the number can be kept at or near the maximum. Further, the Big Ten is seriously considering the reestablishment of redshirting (letting a man play in his fifth year of college, if he has not used up his eligibility), which has been banned in the Big Ten since the 1950s.

Thus, even though the conference gives no indication of relaxing its scholastic requirements, the flow of superior football players to the Big Ten may increase

markedly. And since that could mean a simultaneous decrease in football talent going to the rival Big Eight (SCORECARD, Jan. 17), the Big Ten's football future looks bright indeed.

DRUNK AND DRIVING

Buddy Baker, Elmo Langley and Neil Castles, all veteran NASCAR race drivers, were drunk. No question about it. And yet there the three of them were tooling around the Charlotte Motor Speedway, driving cars at speed through a complex obstacle course. A fourth man, J. V. Allen, who is in advertising, was also drunk and driving.

It was all part of a serious examination into the effects of alcohol on highway safety (the tests were filmed for distribution to schools and other interested groups). Baker, Langley, Castles and Allen maneuvered their vehicles through a trail lined with traffic cones, first sober and then after drinking carefully measured amounts of alcohol. Sober, the racing drivers took the course easily, although Allen, the nonpro, knocked over 74 of the cones. After two or three drinks—or enough to make them half drunk (about .05% blood alcohol)—they did about the same but, significantly, drove more slowly. After another belt or two to raise their blood alcohol to .10%, at which level they were considered under the influence by North Carolina legal definition, their performances deteriorated markedly. Langley, who had had six drinks, drove through the cones as though they were not there, almost as though he were saying cheerfully, "Obstacle course? What obstacle course?" Castles, too, scattered cones right and left, and Baker did as poorly. It was, to be paradoxical, a sobering experience for the drivers. "I can't imagine me driving a car when I feel like I do now," said Baker. "I never drive when I feel like this. Never."

NEW MATH, NBA-STYLE

Ted Williams lost a batting title because he was walked so often he did not get enough at bats to qualify. Because of this injustice the rule was changed, and plate appearances, not at bats, became the qualifying criterion.

The National Basketball Association has a chance to outdo that statistical incongruity—not once, but twice. Wilt Chamberlain has much the best shooting percentage in the league but has taken

comparatively few shots at the basket. League rules say a player must attempt a minimum number of shots to be eligible for consideration as the shooting-percentage leader. In the statistics that are released each week, Chamberlain's attempts continually flirt with the minimum, and a few weeks ago, when his .639 percentage was far ahead of the runner-up, he had taken too few shots and was thus officially considered a nonperson. Yet he would still have had the best percentage in the league if he had gone out and missed all the shots he needed to qualify.

And there is Jerry West, who last week had not played often enough to be eligible for the assists leadership. The recognized leader, Nate Archibald of Cincinnati, had a 9.1 average, based on 437 assists in 48 games. West had a 9.6 average, but in 46 games—one less than the required minimum. However, West had 442 assists, which means he would have had a better average even if he had played as many games as his rival. According to NBA logic, if West had squeezed in two more games in which he made no assists at all, those non-productive performances would have lifted him into the league lead.

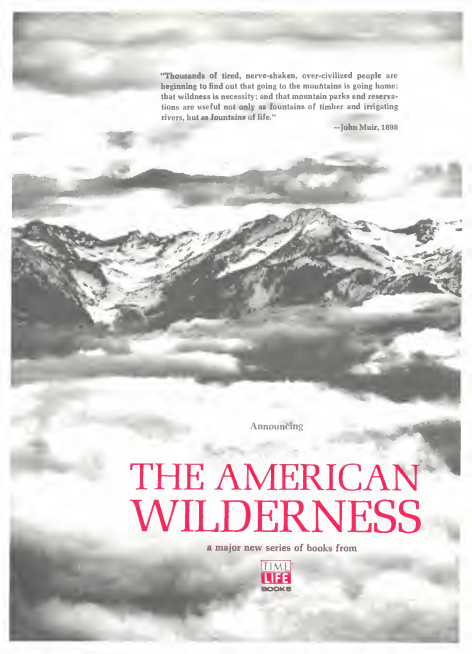
Lewis Carroll would have loved this Alice in Wonderland arithmetic. He might even have suggested that a couple of mythical games be played in which West would feed only Chamberlain, who would shoot wild, thus allowing excellence to be recognized.

THEY SAID IT

- Karl Schranz, the Austrian skier who reportedly makes \$50,000 a year, on his disqualification from the Winter Olympics for commercialism: "It's an emphasis on the wrong principle. I think the Olympics should be a contest of all sportsmen, with no regard for color, race or wealth."

- Garry Coco, coach of the U.S. women's gymnastics squad that upset a Japanese girls' team, on what a female gymnast should look like: "You want all the curves to be in the right places, but not at the level Hugh Hefner might want for the *Playboy* image. Voluptuous girls don't win in gymnastics. You want lean, strong girls, the racehorse type."

- Bob Feller, Baseball Hall of Famer: "I was a bonus baby. I got two autographed baseballs and a scorecard from the 1935 All-Star Game." **END**



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—John Muir, 1898

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A cornflower in bloom



The rare golden trout



A perky Clark nutcracker



GAMES OF THE RAINBOW

Asia's first Winter Olympics brought a pot of gold to a Dutchman and rare medals to the hosts to sweeten a sour beginning by WILLIAM JOHNSON

They came to Hokkaido for the XI Winter Olympiad, to an alien island the size of South Carolina where the dancing crane migrates in from Siberia for the winter and smiling people decorate their snowy streets with bouquets of fresh flowers frozen into blocks of clear ice. There were 1,128 athletes from 35 countries assembled for the first Winter Games ever to be held in Asia, and they came wearing rich seabird uniforms from East Germany and swirling red gaucho capes from Argentina and leather hats from Sears Roebuck.

They had no idea what to expect of Hokkaido and Hokkaido was not certain what to expect of them. But soon after the Games began in Sapporo, the

chill, snowbanked capital of the island, it was clear that the liaison between northern Japan and the Winter Olympics was a thing born of charm and good fortune, a union made at "the horizon of the rainbow," as the lyrics of one official Olympic hymn said. Perhaps that song, a sweet and moving melody titled *The Ballad of Rainbow and Snow*, best symbolized the mood. It was sung by massed choirs and played by cabaret pianists and danced to by go-go girls. It was rendered in every style from Mozart to Motown to the Muzak piped down into subway platforms and through department store aisles. The song hung like sunlight over the city all week.

Not everything came up rainbows, of course. Sapporo, with a population of 1.03 million, was the largest metropolis ever to host the Winter Games, and though every lamppost, taxicab

and curbside rubbish container glimmered with some kind of bright pennant or decal that cried *yokoso* (welcome), the size of the city all but swallowed up the Olympics.

And there was a depressing list of casualties among Alpine skiers. Françoise Macchi, France's finest coming into the Games, smashed her knee, and West Germany's Christian Neureuther, a slalom favorite, sliced his hands putting them through a glass door. Then the promising American downhiller, Eric Poulsen, took a bad spill in practice and broke a wrist and battered a knee. There was also that uninjured casualty, the ageless Austrian Alpinist, Karl Schranz, who was a favorite to win his first Olympic gold medal after 18 seasons of world-class competition.

In an arrogant performance touched with cruelty, Avery Brundage and the International Olympic Committee kept

continued

West Germany jabs to victory, while at right Ard Schenk, the Dutch blade, stands front and center wearing the first of his medals.







their polite but desperately anxious Japanese hosts dangling for more than a week—along with dozens of uncertain Alpine skiers—while they harrumphed over the issue of which racers might be disqualified for commercialism. Ultimately Schanz alone was sacrificed for all of the others.

The sourness was deep for a time, but at last the days of sweetness came with the opening ceremonies beneath radiant skies in the glistening oval of Makomanai Stadium. The Emperor of Japan looked on with inscrutable bemusement as the fashion parade of Olympic teams marched past. Mostly it was colorful, and even chic, but Brundage looked as if he had been clothed by Army-Navy surplus in his black parka, dark gray ski pants with buggy knees and low boots with tan socks worn outside his pants.

The ceremony itself was breathtaking, a combination of beauty and precision, and a sigh like a gentle gust of wind rose from the \$3,924 in the stadium as the torchbearer appeared on the glassy oval. As the Olympic cauldron was lighted, the stadium thundered its cheers. Moments later the ice was alive with hundreds of Japanese children, skating unsteadily, carrying gaudy balloons which they released into the sky like specks of colored sugar candy.

The next day, in the same stadium, Sapporo began draping gold around the neck of its special hero. Every Olympiad produces one. In 1968 it was the Gallic gallant, Jean-Claude Killy. At Sapporo it was the Dutchman Ard Schenk, the tallest windmill out of a flat and flowery land. The morning sky was the color of pewter and a thick, fluffy snow was falling when the men's 5,000-meter speed skating event began. The lack of the draw put Schenk, the world's finest skater, on the course first, when the snow was the heaviest. Schenk is 27 and the holder of six world records. He is also strong and handsome, with chiseled features and intense light blue eyes, a striking latter-day vision of Hans Brinker.

Schenk was not pleased at starting so early in the 5,000 because he would have no other times to pace himself against. But he charged away with pow-

erful strokes, flinging his arms in mighty arcs. The snow was blinding by then, but there was no wind. Ghostly in the stands, a cluster of Dutch imports chanted, "Hera! Hera! Ard Schenk!" The big Dutchman came driving home in 7 minutes 23.61 seconds, 11.61 seconds slower than his own world record—and nobody congratulated him because nobody knew how the weather would affect the others.

For more than three hours Schenk waited. In the last pair was his teammate and one of his greatest rivals, the powerful Kees Verkerk. By the time Verkerk raced, the snow had stopped but the wind was up and Verkerk could manage only 7:39.10. First gold for Schenk. When he appeared with the medal dangling around his neck, someone asked if he was disappointed at failing to break the Olympic mark. Schenk looked surprised and then grinned widely. "I don't even know what the Olympic record is," he said. "All that is important is this gold medal. Breaking records is not important at all."

Through the week, as Schenk's gold rush gathered impetus, he was Sapporo's magnetic center. For the 500-meter sprint, a bursting, intense race that is not his best event—but one he is always capable of winning—Schenk drew with Neil Blatchford, 26, one of five U.S. skaters from Northbrook, Ill. and the only American given any real chance of winning a medal. It was considered a most promising pairing, on the assumption that the two would drive each other to a super effort. Instead, it merely proved that Schenk was human and fallible.

The starter for the 500 was a high-strung chap who kept firing false starts—dozens of them—and Schenk and Blatchford suffered through one. When they did get off the line Schenk ran only four steps before a blade caught the ice and he sprawled ignominiously on his stomach. He scrambled up as coolly as a skater can under the circumstances and hezo on to finish 34th. Blatchford, unnerved beyond recovery by the starter, finished 15th.

The winner of the 500 was that good old skate, Erhard Keller, 27, a dark and cocky West German dental student who won the gold medal in Grenoble and recently held the world record. Though Schenk was now down to only three possible gold medals, he was unperturbed.

He donned a white cowboy hat and pranced about pantomiming fast draws on the other competitors.

From time to time Schenk yielded center stage to other clamoring Olympians. The West German two-man bobsled team of Wolfgang Zimmerer and Peter Utschneider won a gold medal faster than you could pronounce their names. The ecstatic Japanese swept all three medals in the 70-meter ski jump. Austria's Beatrix Schuba cut a fancy frozen rug toward the women's figure skating championship. And America's apple-cheeked Susan Corrick flashed in from Ketchum, Idaho to pick up a bronze in the women's downhill.

The field for the downhill gathered shortly after noon Friday at the top of the course on Mount Enwa, 25 miles out of town. Susan's chances for a medal were considered no more plausible than the parentage of that home-country Western animal, the jackelope. Outside her own tight little world she was all but unknown. The course was rated tame by girls who like to ski fast. Hank Tauber, the U.S. women's coach, called it "not scary or dangerous, not full of super-sharp turns." In fact, during the nonstop training run the day before, the 20-year-old Susan had bombed down the mountain to score the best unofficial time of the day. Even so, few took her seriously—until she turned it on again in the race itself. She charged across the finish line in 1:37.68, the best time for the first 10 racers. She showed a great sunburst of a smile, hugged teammate Marilyn Cochran, and then fidgeted while waiting to see who might be able to beat her.

It did not take more than a few fidgets. Another racer almost as unheralded as Susie Corrick swept across the line in 1:36.68. She was Marie-Theres Nadig, 17, a powerful dumpling of a Swiss girl. Susie was now in second place and fidgeting some more, but again not for long. Down came the favorite, the big Austrian farm girl Annemarie Proell, 18, rocketing the course like a runaway Viennese pastry. She slipped into the finish area and the crowd gasped in disbelief. She had lost to Miss Nadig by an all but invisible atom of time—32 hundredths of a second.

Grim and suddenly sullen because she had not collected her expected gold, Miss Proell stalked away and refused to appear at a post-race press conference. Not

continued

Emperors Hirohito and Brundage lent no gaiety to the Games, but things picked up with Japanese pageantry and East-West meetings.

so the effervescent Miss Corcock. "It's unreal," she said. "Up until now I've always been the underdog. Now I'm in a new class—a definitely new class."

There was quite another mood at the Mikaho skating rink, where the women's competition in compulsory figures was proceeding amid uproar and excitement approximately equivalent to the daily changing of newspapers in a Christian Science reading room. The arena held a few hundred people, and in sober silence each of the contestants did a series of figure-eight variations. The nine judges peered intently at the designs cut into the ice.

Rightly were they intent, for the champion was almost certain to be selected on the basis of the school figures rather than the free-skating jumps and turns that most folks assume is the essence of the sport. When the figures were over, Trixi Schuba, 20, a hefty, stoic lady who has no hint of Tanker Bell in her, held such a commanding lead over her nearest rival, America's Julie Lynn Holmes, that everyone assumed she could not be overtaken in the free-skating event two nights later—even though Trixi resembles a robot when the wraps are off.

When asked if she was worried about the freestyle competition, Trixi Schuba said coldly, "Never. I win the gold medal, I think." And, as long ordained by the powers that be, so she did—Austria's first in figure skating.

Had glamour and excitement been the rule of the affair, Frautlein Schuba would have been hard put to place anywhere near the two fiery beauties who won the silver and bronze medals—the lovely Canadian Karen Magnussen and the pixie American from Rockford, Ill., Janet Lynn, 18, who started the freestyle competition in third and fourth place. Miss Holmes, who skated unsteadily, took a fall and finished fourth.

When asked if she anticipated an ice revue contract after this Olympics, Trixi said, "No, my mother has a lumber shop. I will help her in the lumber shop."

Leave the lumber to Trixi. By all odds the most electrifying event of the week—and indeed of many Olympic days past and many to come—occurred before the happy crowd that packed the slopes along the Moyanomon 70-meter ski jump hill. No other venue had attracted such a jam of spectators, for this was the contest in which the Japanese stood a better than fair chance of winning a medal.

The crowd's favorite was a slender, ascetic jumper named Yukio Kasaya, 25, a stylish competitor who had already done well this winter on the European circuit. Since Kasaya is from Hokkaido, the carpet of people clustered at the bottom of the hill was speckled with the flags of Yoichimachi High, carried by those who had been his school chums.

There were two other hometown Hokkaido boys on the Japanese team: Akitsugu Konno, 27, and Seiji Aochi, 29, and during their practice jumps the crowd chorled and exclaimed. Konno and Aochi came off the hill ahead of Kasaya in the first jump of the meet, both producing long, graceful leaps that placed them at the top of the scores—ahead of every Russian or Norwegian in town.

Then Kasaya came to the platform. He gazed intently down at the lip of the jump far below, bowed his head, looked down at the hill and bowed his head again. For at least a minute he seemed immobilized; then he launched down the run and rose high against the trees, hanging poised above the crowd in perfect form. When he landed, the noise burst over him like a waterfall. Yukio Kasaya was in first place. Konno and Aochi followed him. Nobody could believe it had happened.

Women wept, men danced with each other and children turned somersaults. Japan had just one medal to show for its efforts in all the Winter Olympics ever held before—and now it had won three in a single event at its very own Games. When Kasaya's skis rapped onto the snow after his winning jump he clasped his hands over his head, then fell into the arms of his brother, Akao, and Konno. The Japanese coaches were weeping with happiness. They looked as if they had just come back from the horizon of the rainbow.

After this glittering moment the only emotion left for the men's downhill was relief that it came off with no more hitches. The favorite was Bernhard Russi, 23, a slender Swiss lad from the goat-herd mountains near Andermatt who was the World Cup downhill champion last year. Russi had said of Mount Enriwa: "In Europe you are afraid to go straight, but here there is no place to take an extra risk that will win the race."

There was, however, one sharp, precipitous turn near the top of the run—a tough spot which the Japanese call "a

sleep where even the bears fall down." Of course, no boy raised in the goat-herds is about to be troubled by any turn that terrifies bears. Russi attacked that spot savagely, gained a precious fraction of a second and flashed across the line in 1:51.43, a comfortable winner. Only his teammate Roland Collombin and the Austrian Hemi Messner came within a full second of Russi's time, and Switzerland had its first Olympic gold medal ever in the men's downhill.

But above all the rinks and slopes of Sapporo loomed the 6'2" presence of Ard Schenk. On Sunday he captured the 1,500 meters with icy command. In Monday's cheerful sunlight he set sail for a golden triple. But it would be hard to imagine a scene more in contrast to Japan's outpouring of ski jump joy than the Dutchman's 10,000-meter venue. The fire had changed to ice; emotion to cool perfection. Schenk started last in the pairings and by the time he was off he knew that the man he had to beat was his teammate Verkerk, who had finished nearly two hours before in 15:04.70. In describing his two skaters Dutch Coach Leen Prommer said, "They are both excellent competitors, but the difference is that Verkerk skates from his heart, while Ard is logical and skates from his head."

And so it was. Without expression, Schenk drove himself around and around and around the rink—25 times, ghosting along with a graceful, deceptively lazy-looking stroke that was in fact immensely powerful. He paced himself perfectly and crossed the line nearly four seconds under Verkerk's time.

A tiny clique of Dutchmen went wild. They waved orange hats and unfurled scarves and put up a sign that said *HUT ARD*. They sang a song called *Ard Is Always World Champion* and some of them took off their wooden shoes and beat them together in glee. Schenk waved to them, accepted a backslap from his coach and a few kisses from women skaters. As befitted a man who skates from his head, he remained calm, even though he had just become the sixth man in history to win three gold medals in a single Winter Olympics.

American beauties graced Sapporo—and won some medals. Blonde Janet Lynn (bronze) eyes her figures, so does Julie Holmes. For Sue Corcock it was all downhill.



MAD FOR MARVIN B. AND ERNIE D.

The townspeople have always had something going for little Providence, but now that the stars are homegrown the fans are really flying, just like their Friars who are pushing hard to be best in the East by JOE JARES

Dave Gavitt, basketball coach of the Providence College Friars, was acting as a photographer's assistant. His prize sophomore forward, Marvin Barnes, was having his picture taken in front of the school's main gates, but a tree branch was casting a shadow over the scene. Gavitt obligingly bent the branch out of the way and just then a passing bread truck stopped. The driver leaned out and yelled: "Hey, Gavitt, if it's for Barnes, chop down the tree."

That is the way with the vicarious alumni of Providence, the jewelry makers, the barbers, the bartenders in this heavily Catholic industrial city. They have always been slightly wild for the talented basketball teams assembled by the little school run by the Dominican Fathers, the teams that featured such imports as Leney Wilkens from Brooklyn, Vinnie Ernst from Jersey City, Johnny Egan from Hartford and Jimmy Walker from Boston. But this year they are almost beside themselves. The Friars are not only good again; their two big stars, Marvin B. and Ernie D., are local products. Barnes is a 6' 9" rebounder from black South Providence whose high school team won two state titles. Ernie DiGregorio, a tricky ball-handling genius whom somebody let out of a bottle of Soave Bolla, comes from North Providence where he is adored by all those DeLoreans, DiCarlos and DeSimones who seem to take up half the city's telephone directory. After a slow start, the two have led their well-balanced team to a 14-2 record, to a position challenging Penn for supremacy in the East and, last Saturday night, to a ragged 77-67 victory over downstate rival Rhode Island.

DiGregorio's home is not far from his school and his horizons do not stretch much beyond Pawtucket and Woonsocket. He was such a local hero in high school that his cult even threw a testimonial dinner for him

and his dad gave him a new Corvette.

"Here was a kid with a Corvette who didn't even know where Boston was," said Gavitt. "Then he found out the car wasn't big enough to drive him and his buddies to various places for two-on-two pickup games, so he decided to trade it in on a four-seat Thunderbird."

The Friars had no trouble recruiting DiGregorio, and Chris Clark, radio and TV voice of the team, quickly figured out that at the tempo at which Ernie played, the name DiGregorio was going to be a serious hazard to smooth broadcasting. He started calling him Ernie D. Now even the license plates on the T-Bird say ERNIE D.

Barnes might have got away to Cincinnati if it had not been for a storm. He boarded a plane for the first time in his life to fly there for a campus visit. After hobbling and weaving around the Ohio skies for a while, the plane had to detour to Baltimore. Barnes got off and immediately flew home to Providence. He never did make it to Cincinnati.

He did get out with the rest of the Friars this season to Los Angeles, however. After arriving he went to Gavitt and asked if he and some teammates could rent a car and go touring.

"Marvin," asked the coach, "did you come out here to beat Southern Cal or have a ball?"

"I came out here to beat Southern Cal and then have a ball," answered Marvin B.

It turned out that he managed to combine the two. He took down 17 rebounds and Ernie D. scored 27 points (20 in the first half) as Providence upset the Trojans 70-66. An ecumenical euphoria set in at home. No longer were the Italians along Atwell Avenue complaining that Barnes shot too much.

Sweet ball handler Ernie D. ignores the advice he sprained earlier and drives for basket.

No longer were the blacks in South Providence complaining that Ernie D. seldom fed their man. And the ill feeling that for a while clouded the Friars' future was blessedly past.

The fever that set in after that win afflicted even the legitimate grads, one of whom, Hal Rich, covers the Friars for *The Providence Journal* and takes his beat to heart. Rich has been known to get so nervous before a game that he had to down tranquilizers, and he once passed out in a Philadelphia hotel lobby before a round of the Quaker City tournament. Some of the priests at the college are infected, too. Gavitt says that four or five of the faculty are under doctors' orders to turn off the radio report of a game when the score gets too close.

The Rhode Island game Saturday could have been just that kind. The



Rams had a mediocre 7-7 record, but the squad was loaded with transfers (from Duke, Tennessee, Wisconsin and a junior college) who were just getting the kinks out after at least a year's lay-off apiece. Rhode Island had become known as Transfer Tech, and Coach Tom Carmody, admitting that his recruiting had suffered as a result, vowed to take no more switchers—not even Kareem Abdul-Jabbar from the Milwaukee Bucks.

Gavitt, only 34 but already an experienced, dedicated warrior, figured that Rhode Island would battle desperately to win and perhaps turn its season around. Poor Carmody had more believable woes, like how to handle Ernie D. "I saw him destroy Southern Cal and Villanova, and they were pretty good clubs," he said. "He's one of the most perceptive floor leaders in college ball. He doesn't have good speed, but he has a great quickness and he sees things that most people are blind to on a basketball court. He can spot the open man as well as anybody since Cousy."

Good enough, but Saturday DiGregorio almost saved Rhode Island the

trouble of defending against him. Coach Gavitt was taking his customary pre-game nap when the telephone woke him up. It was Ernie D. sheepishly admitting that he had turned his left ankle while playing one-on-one with his little brother on their driveway court at home. Guard Don Lewis had pulled the same trick last season and missed most of the NIT.

DiGregorio was X-rayed and got the ice-pack treatment, but he did not get the O.K. to play until an hour before tip-off. In the game he was far from the slick-passing floor leader who had worried Rhode Island's Carmody so. Instead of an All-America, maybe he was just All-East.

Approximately 3,500 fans, sitting and standing, were squeezed into Alumni Hall, but that was no surprise. It has been sold out virtually every game since 1958, which was the year Wilkens began to amaze people as a junior. All home games are now televised, but the situation will be greatly improved next season when the Friars will play in the new \$13 million, 11,000-seat Civic Center.

Rhode Island opened in a two-three zone defense, and at first Gavitt thought it was a break for his team because DiGregorio would have had a tough time functioning against a clinging man-to-man defense. He didn't have time to cackle, though, because Providence shot poorly over the zone and Rhode Island got off to a six-point lead. A combination of strong board work by Barnes and good shooting by Forward Fran Costello brought the Friars back to a 37-34 lead at halftime. But Wilkens, who was in the stands scouting for the Seattle SuperSonics, was not seeing the Ernie D. beloved of the Northside. The bad ankle had effectively eliminated the team's wicked fast break.

The game stayed close all the way, but fouls, technical and otherwise, did Rhode Island in. Providence was trailing 59-58 when it made its big move. Sub Nehru (Sky) King scored underneath with a fancy assist from DiGregorio. Then Rhode Island's center, Don Blackman, fouled out on a bad call and complained so bitterly that he got slapped with a technical. Providence made three free throws and kept pos-



High jumper Marvin B. goes up and over.

session to boot. When Costello hit a turn-around jump shot, the Friars had a six-point lead.

Providence went on to win by 10, but it wasn't easy. Three times before the final buzzer its hulking center, Larry Ketvirtis, who seems to go into a frenzy when played closely, lost his temper and started throwing elbows, which is not a nice habit for a fellow to get into. At least that is the way the officials looked at it. They gave Ketvirtis two technical fouls.

Barnes finished with 18 rebounds and 16 points. Ernie D. played nearly all the way on the sore ankle and had six assists and eight points. Captain Don Lewis did his usual good defensive job while scoring 14, but the leading scorer with 21 was Costello, an Irishman who loves to show up for games wearing a gray bowler and spats. Costello is from Massachusetts, not Rhode Island, but the alumni did not seem to mind at all.

END



The ugly violence in Minnesota was only one of the many ills afflicting the college game. Here the president of the nation's coaches demands changes to redeem his sport

TIME TO CLEAN UP BASKETBALL

by WILLIAM L. WALL with DAN OFFENBURGER

Events of recent weeks have brought to the public's attention a series of problems involving college basketball. As president of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, I have been working with our board of directors on programs to rectify many wrongs in our game. Until now we have not publicized our efforts, but because of the widespread reaction to outbreaks such as the violent Ohio State-Minnesota game two weeks ago (\$1, Feb. 7) I feel it is important to speak out on behalf of the organization whose membership stands ready to begin housecleaning of the sport.

It was not only the game in Minneapolis that aroused coaches across the country. Encroachments by the American Basketball Association, and what its approach—namely, greed for the quick buck—stands for are viewed as

every bit as destructive of college basketball. And there are other ills: the threat of gambling scandals, crowd-provoking bench behavior by coaches, a lack of real concern for the education of the athletes and the rupture of ties between honest educational and athletic programs. But most serious of all is the matter of cheating in recruiting. Cheating is the end result of a vicious cycle that begins with a win-at-all-costs philosophy. Cheating is a fire fanned by college alumni and administrations and the general public. Cheating primarily—but all the other problems, too—have prompted our association to take action to change the course of the college game.

I want first to stress that I am not blowing the whistle on anyone. I am not a do-gooder and I believe that it is only a matter of chance that I, rather than some other coach, am speaking for our prestigious board of directors. But the time has come when we must speak out. Cheating occurs most often in the recruiting of players, and in the past years many rumors and allegations of illegal recruiting have crossed my desk. Often it has been impossible to prove that the rumors were any more than that, but there have been sufficient numbers of checked cases that convince us that matters are bad enough to demand action.

A flagrant instance brought to my attention involved a major-college coach who is reported to have awarded the usual NCAA scholarship plus \$250 a month and a new Camaro automobile to a star player. An option was added that if the player's parents moved to the city where the school was located they would be housed in a free, furnished apartment. However, this coach may have proffered himself into a bind. He offered another star the NCAA "ride" plus \$150 a month and a less expensive compact car. I still wonder what happened when the two players parked next to each other in the gym parking lot.

Another typical violation that came to our attention involved the high school player who was invited to visit two campuses located within 30 miles of each other. He received round-trip air tickets from both institutions but did not go home between visits to the schools. Instead, he cashed the extra ticket and pocketed the money. Neither school seemed guilty since their officials were not aware of what the other did.

I personally do not run into many violations among the small schools our MacMurray teams play. But I did observe, if only circumstantially, the sort of thing that is going on now when I worked as manager of the U.S. team in the World University Games of 1970 and in 1971



Coaches' President Bill Wall heads all athletics at MacMurray.

at the U.S. Olympic Development Camp at Colorado Springs. In both instances I dealt with many of the game's superstars. I and other coaches were aware that some players had money and valuable items that seemed far out of line with their personal backgrounds. Three of the players who shortly were to qualify as hardship cases for the pro drafts had apparent access to large amounts of money and the things it buys. Proving their guilt was next to impossible; it seemed certain, though, that they had been in close contact with player agents, who are becoming objects of major concern for coaches and administrators alike. Evidence produced lately indicates that agents are now aligning themselves with players even before they graduate from high school, often signing personal service contracts with them.

There are many factors involved. Too many kids are in college today who have no interest in or any desire for an education. They use college basketball programs only in the most narrow sense to further their professional careers. There is a widespread lack of loyalty on the part of the players to the schools they represent. Based both on cases reported to the NABC and on my discussions with coaches and concerned officials, I would say that 80% of the cases of violation involve black players, 80% of these come from junior colleges and 98% of the coaches involved are white. The black player is not always at fault. The coach or recruiter who exploits him is. Many cases involve talented young players from lower-income urban backgrounds. They are fine young men but they do not know the rules and often they get in over their heads when they deal with irresponsible college recruiters. They start innocently and then find themselves involved in a spiderweb of problems that sometimes results in the loss of their scholarships.

Athletic directors and even head coaches often are not aware of violations by their own staffs. Because there are so many new arenas in the country with large seating capacities, there is great pressure involved, particularly for aggressive assistants who are anxious to win a plume and build toward their own head coaching job. Many of these assistants are on the road for weeks at a time with no more contact with the athletic department than an occasional phone call. It is easy to see how they can break the rules without the knowledge of their supervisors.

It is easy, too, to see how a certain type of agent operates, although it is nearly impossible to prove him guilty. He is not an assistant coach, but he represents a college—sometimes officially, sometimes unofficially—and his job is to float around with a big backlog from undetermined sources. He provides for players financially, makes them beholden to him and then directs them to the college of his—not their—choice.

What can be done about all this? It is the intent of our board of directors to conduct a massive cleanup effort directed toward eliminating the problem areas in college basketball before they become forces which will destroy the game. In July we adopted a new program designed to encourage coaches to report others who are cheating on recruiting regulations. We asked coaches to stop complaining about cheating and to do something to stop it.

To date we have succeeded in getting some coaches to supply evidence, documented when possible, of violations

and have discovered that a majority of violations can be easily isolated. Most prominent is a group of several major independent (nonconference) schools, particularly those schools wooing talent from the junior colleges. The reason for this is not hard to find. Conferences usually have agreements among member schools. The conference commissioners have power to enforce rules and they have the necessary machinery for handling purported violations. The independents lack such organization and in addition must live with the problems of scratching for representative schedules, battling for TV exposure and establishing records good enough to earn them tournament berths.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to persuade some people to report on others because often they have skeletons in their own recruiting closets. I disagree with the view commonly expressed that everyone cheats a little and some cheat a lot. There are many honest programs in the country and some even succeed. Adolph Rupp, my predecessor as president, and our 11-man board, a cross-section of large and small colleges, would like to see more of that.

There is much left to be done. To start with we need to beef up the investigative branch of the NCAA and to speed the pace of its work. The NCAA has only three investigators, and they check on other sports, too, notably football. These investigators look into cases only after complaints are filed. We think a staff of 10 or 12 men would be more realistic. In the past year the NABC considered adding its own investigators but at the request of the NCAA held back. We still may go ahead with the project. We hope, in the meantime, that the NCAA will speed up its investigation methods. Right now it takes up to 19 months to process a complaint, and that is too long. Too much harm can be done before a situation is corrected.

For my part, I am continuing to do what our directors have asked of me. I talk continually with coaches throughout the country. I subscribe to 23 daily newspapers and I read them to keep up to date on what is happening nationally. If a coach speaks out in print about problems relating to recruiting or other ills of our game, I write to him, asking for an anonymous report giving details. I ask him to use plain paper and a plain envelope and assure him that the information will be turned over as it is received to a conference commissioner or to the NCAA for proper handling.

I feel confident that our association's efforts will have great effect, and that they will continue under Fred Taylor of Ohio State when he succeeds me as president next month. But others must help us. Society has produced this system by its desire to win at all costs. Academic commissions have tolerated it, and coaches, who should have faculty status but in most cases do not, have operated it, often, for instance, with telephone recruiting budgets that exceed funding for entire academic departments. If there is a key indictment of the entire system it is that university presidents do not have—and sometimes do not want to have—the power to control the internal functioning of their athletic departments. Where there is strong faculty and administrative control there are no big problems. The schools themselves and, ultimately, the public are responsible for a sane attitude. All of us, coaches, schools and public, must work together to save the game we love. **END**

IT'S DRYDEN FOR THE DEFENSE



THRIFTY KEN WEARS HIS SECONDHAND RACCOON COAT BETWEEN MCGILL CLASSES

To be born to create, to love, to win at games is to be born to live in times of peace. But war teaches us to lose everything and become what we were not. It all becomes a question of style.

—CAMUS

Ken Dryden, the McGill University Law School student who moonlights as a goaltender for the Montreal Canadiens (see cover), contemplates the message his wife Lynda has hung over the desk in their apartment. "War, as I interpret it, is the variable in all men," he says. "For me, the war is hockey. I cannot let hockey make me what I am not."

Come along for a while to see how the battle goes, for Dryden is that rarest of individuals in sport, the man who does what cannot be done. Let Boston win the National Hockey League's regular-season race in the East by 20 points. Let Chicago do the same in the West. In the heart of every Bruin and Black Hawk fan will be the secret fear that this one tall, idealistic, implacable student will rise out of the Montreal nets to rob them of the Stanley Cup, even as he did last year. It could happen, it could happen. This season Kenneth Wayne Dryden has been the only bulwark between the Canadiens and certain ruin. The team that looked so strong in October is staggering in February. But the Canadiens have lost only five of the 40 games Dryden has played. With his re'placements in goal, the Canadiens have lost eight of 13 games. When Dryden came down with a back ailment at Christmas, the Canadiens were battling Boston and New York for first place in the East. When he returned to the lineup three weeks later, they were tumbling toward fourth place. Last week it was the old, magical Dryden who braked the Canadiens' slide as he saw them through two victories and two ties on the road.

Old? He is 24 and still classed as an NHL rookie. Obviously he has not succumbed to the star syndrome, a malady that often devours the young. Except for an unlisted telephone number, Dryden's

The young lawyer-goalie's Canadian clients have a shaky case, but with Ken to scare the prosecution they may win **by MARK MULVOY**

life is that of the struggling student dependent on someone else for his funds, not the pro earning a \$35,000 salary.

The Drydens, who met at Cornell, live in a sparsely furnished, one-bedroom high-rise apartment in the Notre Dame de Grâce section of Montreal. The only piece of real furniture in the living room is a color television-stereo complex given Ken as Life Saver of the Month for his Stanley Cup heroics. The dining-room table is a card table in disguise, and all the chairs fold up. "You don't buy furniture impulsively," Dryden says. "A piece of furniture lasts at least 10 years, so why make the wrong decision and regret it all that time."

When he leaves the apartment for games at the Forum or classes at McGill, Ken drives off in one of the two cars he also won for his cup performances. Most of the Canadians pay \$35 a month to park in a covered area across the street from the Forum. Not Dryden. He cruises the streets until he spots a free parking place. At McGill he parks directly in front of the entrance to the law school—and parks free.

Dryden carries a full load of five courses, but he often misses lectures because of his travels with the Canadians. "It's not that much of a problem," he says, "because I can borrow someone's notes and make copies of them." Unlike most of his classmates, though, Dryden does not use the copying machine at the law-school library. "It's 10¢ a page there," he says, "and there's a place down the hill, off campus, where it's only 5¢ a page—and they make the copies for you. It all adds up, you know."

Nor is Dryden a spendthrift when it comes to clothes. His only major purchase so far this year has been a calf-length raccoon coat that set him back \$80. "Lynda and I found it in the window of a secondhand store down in Old Montreal," he recalls. "You've got to shop around these days to get what you want."

Dryden went shopping for a pair of boots last week in Montreal and must have tried on 25 before deciding which to buy. "What's the problem, sir, can't

you afford these boots?" asked the frustrated salesman as Dryden headed for the door, empty-handed. Ken shrugged. "I hate to shop," he said. "It's so final."

Although his contemporaries in sports would argue with him, Dryden does not believe there is anything particularly unusual about his attitudes toward life. "Look," he says, "most people our age are living the way we are. Most people have to struggle. Why not us? Let's see how we can live this way. We're probably going to have a fair amount of money in the future, but that doesn't mean we should be wild with our money now."

Dryden has always been a sensible human being, except maybe when he chose to become a goaltender in the first place. He started in the nets in Islington, Ontario when he was five. His father, Murray, built goals from two-by-fours and chicken wire and placed them in the driveway so the boys in the neighborhood could play ball hockey. "I played one goal, and my brother Dave [now with the Buffalo Sabres] played the other," Ken says. "That's all there was to it." The Drydens moved to a bigger house a year later, and Murray Dryden had the whole backyard paved in the interests of bigger and better ball-hockey games.

"We had tournaments every Saturday," Ken recalls. "Rubber balls were crummy on the pavement, but tennis balls were great. They stung more, too." Dryden started playing organized hockey in an Atom League when he was seven years old, with Humber Valley of Toronto's West End. The next year he played for the Humber Valley team in a Peeewe League, even though he was two or three years younger than his teammates. "My father did that intentionally," Ken says. "His feeling was that you improve more by playing against older competition. And I always managed to do all right with the older boys."

Dryden played goal for Humber Valley teams until he was 15, then moved into Junior "B" hockey with the Etobicoke Indians. After his first season with Etobicoke he was drafted by Montreal,



DINING WITH LYNDA HE DIGS FOR DATA

"I remember the night well," says Scotty Bowman, now the Montreal coach but then a scout for the team. "We knew about him from Roger Neilson, our Toronto-area scout, but we were sort of concerned about his ambition. He kept talking about going to school instead of playing Junior 'A'." The Montreal management debated the Dryden question for hours. Finally, Sam Pollock, the general manager, told Scout Claude Ruel to phone Neilson for one final report on Dryden. "Neilson told him that Dryden could be the best goalie in Junior 'A' that next year," Bowman says. When Ruel relayed Neilson's comment to Pollock, the Canadians promptly drafted Dryden.

"They wanted me to go to Peterborough, Ontario," Dryden says. "They had a strong team there but needed a second goaltender. But my schooling was the hang-up. I was planning to attend Grade 13, the most important academic year in Canada, and there would be a lot of pressure on me to do well in the classroom. I could not see how living away, playing hockey and trying to go to school in Peterborough would work, so I stayed in Toronto."

continued

Besides playing goal for Etobicoke, Dryden also was an All-City forward on his school basketball team. In fact, when he finished Grade 13, several Canadian colleges and at least one American school approached him with scholarship offers on which he could combine hockey and basketball. Michigan Tech had a most tempting deal. "They told me I could play basketball my freshman and sophomore years and then, when Tony Esposito graduated, I could switch over to hockey." But Ken seemed intent on attending Princeton. Later, at the urging of some friends, he visited Cornell and forgot about Princeton.

"Despite what people think, I did not have a scholarship at Cornell," Dryden says. "Oh, I got \$200 each year for an honorary scholarship, but that barely accounted for the currency exchange." So he worked. As a freshman Dryden was a waiter and dishwasher in a fraternity house and earned his room and board. The next three years he lived off campus in a private residence and did odd chores to work off his room and board. During the summers he did construction work in Ithaca, destruction work on Toronto buildings and a combination of both in Alaska.

On the ice at Cornell, Dryden was something of a legend. In three years he played in only four losing games, and his goals-against average was a microscopic 1.60. "It was pretty easy behind the bench when he was in the goal," says Ned Harkness, general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, who was the Cornell coach during Dryden's varsity years.

All this time Dryden heard nothing from the Canadians. "I never even knew they were alive," he says, "until the end of my senior year after a game at Boston College. Someone told me that Doc Blake was in the stands watching me." Later, Sam Pollock drove down to Ithaca, watched Dryden win another game and told him that the Canadians would be in touch with him after the Stanley Cup playoffs. During those 1969 playoffs Dryden attended a sports banquet in Boston, where the Canadians happened to be playing the Bruins. "I called Mr. Pollock and asked him if he had an extra ticket," Dryden says. Pollock gave Dryden a seat six rows behind the Montreal bench, alongside some of the team's executives.

"I was a big Bruin fan then," Dryden says, "and I could barely restrain

myself. I kept wanting to jump up and cheer for Boston." Dryden had been accepted at Harvard Law School and, as he says, "I really wanted to go there." The one big drawback was that he could not have played hockey. Meanwhile, the Canadian national team had offered him a three-year contract that included full tuition at the University of Manitoba at Winnipeg. Pollock was talking minor-league hockey, nothing more.

Dryden eventually decided to play with the national team and attend law school in Winnipeg. "When I phoned Mr. Pollock," Ken says, "he was stunned. I'm sure that he thought I was using the law school approach as a lever to get more money." If anything, Dryden's seriousness about the pursuit of law impressed Pollock, and when the national team folded a year later, he offered Dryden an opportunity to combine hockey and law school in Montreal. Ken jumped at the chance. Last season he was a full-time law student at McGill and a weekend goaltender for the Montreal Voyageurs of the American Hockey League until early in March, when the Canadians realized they would get no Stanley Cup with the goalies then playing. Enter Dryden. Exit Boston, Minnesota and Chicago.

While Dryden has managed to combine his two careers with no apparent difficulty (he has two B-grades, two Bs and one C, as well as a 2.14 goals-against average so far this season), he feels that the hockey world regards him with suspicion. "They have this great myth that anyone who has anything else to do obviously does not approach hockey with the proper frame of mind, but to me it's the exact opposite. Hockey as a 24-hour job, 365 days a year, is absurd."

Still, most hockey people do believe that Dryden will play two or three more years and then settle into a padded chair in a law office somewhere in Ontario. "Jeez Murphy," Ken says, "that's such a defensive attitude, based on faulty reasoning. What they are doing is demeaning athletics. They're saying, 'Of course he won't stay around very long because he can do something else.' Certainly there are more meaningful things in life, but at the same time hockey is enjoyable and a challenge. That's why I play it. Believe me, I couldn't live with law alone."

What Dryden enjoys most about hockey is the opportunity it gives him to do independent research on subjects not in-

volved with either law or hockey. He thirsts for knowledge and considers everyone a research subject. "Working for Ralph Nader last summer taught me that you never know enough about anything," Dryden says. "You can learn something from everyone."

One day last week he was sitting in the trainer's room at the Forum, getting a back treatment from Bob Williams, who used to work at Indiana University. Williams began to talk about Doc Counsilman and Hobie Billingsley, the swimming and diving coaches, respectively, at Indiana. "I had heard a few things about both of them, about their coaching methods," Dryden said after his session with Williams, "and now I know a lot more."

At dinner that night in Montreal's Café Martin, Dryden wanted to talk shop with Rohmann, the maître d'. He wanted to know all about the beef, the lobster bisque, the profit per plate, the freezer facilities, the help. How are serving sizes decided? What nights are busiest? At what time does the dinner crowd arrive? Do best nights vary by seasons? Who sits upstairs and who sits downstairs? "You never know when this information will come in handy," he said.

Dryden's restless mind never stops probing, even when he is on the ice. Some nights, particularly when the Canadians are playing one of those expansion teams that seem to shoot marshmallows instead of pucks, Ken has plenty of time to case the arena. "I look at the scoreboard, read the message board, everything," he says. ("At Cornell he used to keep track of how much popcorn the vendors sold," claims Ned Harkness.) Afterward he briefs his teammates and the press on the outcomes of the other games. "Detroit tied Los Angeles on Dionne's goal in the late minutes of the game," he reported to one and all the other night. "The Wings were down 4-2 before they rallied."

But Dryden prays that he will not be watching the message board some night when Bobby Hull or Bobby Orr or Rod Gilbert fires the puck at him from 25 feet. Flash word that Saks Fifth Avenue has slashed the price of its extra-warm raccoons and you might just get him to flub one. Maybe. Hockey may not make Dryden what he is not, but when the magic is working he is the essence of hockey.

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FIGHT FILM CROWD includes actors Jeff Bridges and Stacy Keach (in robes), oldtime Los Angeles lightweight Bob Dole (left), and Art Aragon, the Golden Boy, now a bail bondman (right).

YOU GO POOM,

The Civic Auditorium in Stockton, Calif., where fight scenes were being filmed for the forthcoming movie *Fat City*, was one atmospheric arena. The on-camera seats were filled with about six ethnic strains of scroungy-to-genteel Stockton extras, and the air was heavy with fumes: fake smoke from a machine that blows mineral oil over dry ice, and real smoke from the Don Diego Dunhill Selección Supremas Director John Huston handed out to front-row spectators when he felt the air was getting too clear around them.

Vapors aside, the auditorium carried a good funky history. At one time or another both Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis made tank-town appearances there and, according to local promoter Jack Cruz (who plays a pitiless local promoter in the film), Max Baer once pounded his head against the steam pipes downstairs to get ready for a bout with someone named Chief Cariboo.

Possibly the air was further charged by virtue of the fact that so many people, real and fictional, were breathing it through broken noses. That included the film's two central characters, hard-scrabble Stockton club fighters Billy Tully and Ernie Munger, played by actors Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.

Ernie Munger got his nose— with the aid of some pretend blood applied by a makeup man—in his first fight on camera. Then Billy's and Ernie's handlers, themselves former fighters, exchanged the following dialogue:

Babe: How's your nose? Can you breathe?

Ruben: Yeah, can't you?
Babe: Not on a wet day.

Babe, the punchy trainer, was played by retired Art Aragon, the Golden Boy, whose nose isn't so good in real life. The same goes for Leonard Gardner,

who grew up in Stockton and who wrote the novel *Fat City* and the screenplay for the movie. Gardner gave up organized boxing some 15 years ago after his nose was broken two times in seven amateur bouts (of which he says he won "about three"). Like Ernie in the novel, Gardner in his fighting days tried to toughen the lining of his nose by sniffing brine up into it.

Director Huston's nose was broken for the first time "when I was chasing an ice wagon and the wagon stopped," and again during his late teens in Los Angeles, when at six feet and 138 pounds, he fought under various names, sometimes twice in one night, for \$5 or \$10. Huston says he was not, however, amateur lightweight champion of California, as has often been reported.

Keach, the most prominent actor in the mostly amateur cast of *Fat City*, has never broken his nose (and he appeared for one scene with his trunks on backward—EVERLAST in the rear), but while he was posing for still pictures his looks were inspected approvingly by Aragon and former light heavyweight contender Sisto Rodriguez, who also appears in the film. "He's got the profile of a fighter," said Rodriguez.

"Pushed-in nose," agreed Aragon. "He looks good."

As for Rodriguez, his nose is folded over to one side, like a Picasso's. When makeup man Jack Young saw it, he said, "Your nose is perfect! I don't want to touch it!" Young should know, being not only a blood-and-scar technician of some note (who wouldn't reveal the base for his blood solution except to say that "it's edible on pancakes—in fact, I think I'll order pancakes tomorrow in the coffee shop, pour some of this blood on them and see what people say"), but also a former Golden Gloves

champion with no bone left in his nose.

"Fighters' noses all used to be flat," observed Assistant Director Al Silvani, formerly Frank Sinatra's bodyguard, and an established fight trainer and fight-movie consultant. "All the bone would be taken out so it wouldn't splinter and cause bleeding."

Fat City, which will be released in May by Columbia Pictures and Rastar Productions, is about more than boxing. Its characters represent an entire stratum of people—winos, gas-station attendants, onion-toppers, a "tactum black upholsterer" played by former welterweight champion Curtis Cokes—who have had more taken out of them than nasal bone and who are never going to make it to the sweet life symbolized in the title. Most of the film's action occurs on the small-time fight scene—boxing being what Tully and Munger hope will carry them to *Fat City*. And on-camera stuff aside, the movie's bringing together of so many real and simulated fighters gave rise to a wealth of fight talk, and even a few floating fights. It was a wonder no noses were broken.

Huston had some good fight stories to tell, and he almost got caught with an unscheduled punch. "When I was a boy in Los Angeles," he said, "my heroes were boxers: Jackie Fields, Fidel [pronounced Fiddle] La Barba, Baby Joe Gans, Dynamite Young George, Joe Schlocker, Georgie Levine, Ace Huddins, Sergeant Sammy Baker. . . My father took me to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight, which was the greatest thing that could happen to a kid. And after I had been fighting some myself, I went to New York to see my father in a play. This was in the late '20s, and hoods [pronounced by Huston to rhyme with "foods"] were trying to move into the theater world. I went into my father's

continued

POOM AND I'LL GO POW

The has-baana and never-waaaa whom John Huston assembled to lend authenticity to his fight movie, *"Fat City,"* found that pulling punches is as much of an art as throwing them

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

dressing room and he said, 'John, there's a man outside who's giving me a little trouble. I think he's one of those hoods.' I was full of myself then, so I jumped up and went outside, ready to do something. And there stood Jack Dempsey."

Needless to say, Huston did not mix it up with Walter Huston's friend, the Manassa Mauler, but in Stockton the director of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Red Badge of Courage* and a star in *Candy* and *Myra Breckinridge* was almost decked by a nonentity. Stockton is currently undergoing urban renewal and chamber-of-commerce promotion, but patches survive of what used to be—at least according to the boasts of some of the more raffish Stocktonites—the biggest skid row west of Chicago. Washington Square in the center of town is still bestrewn with about as many semi-agricultural drifters, dozing or drinking wine, as were found murdered and buried last May in Yuba City, 80 miles away. Huston and Keach were standing in a skid-row doorway going over a scene when one such individual materialized and snatched away the satchel held by Keach. When the bag had been retrieved and the scene shot, Huston ran after the man to offer him a couple of dollars. When tapped on the shoulder, however, the drifter whirled and just missed Huston with a roundhouse right.

Billy Walker also was involved in some tense moments. Walker, a tall, unmarked, high-Afroed welterweight, is a 30-year-old Stockton resident who is desperate to build a professional ring career after seven years in Soledad Prison, where he was both welterweight and middleweight champion. Walker's prospects have improved somewhat since the summer—he has had a couple of successful fights in Arizona—and Huston has been trying to make a match for him in Los Angeles. But when he was picked to play a minor boxing role in the film he was suffering from a repu-

tation as a dangerous fighter (some said a dirty one) as well as a cutie who was likely to beat most anybody's boy but didn't have enough of a name, thanks to the seven years out of circulation, to make beating him worthwhile. He was getting less than one fight a month, never for more than \$400, so he wasn't making much of a living. Then the movie came along and, ironically, Walker's role was to fake a fight with a local kid who had never boxed before and to make it look close. "I finally got into the ring and then I can't hit the guy," he said. "It's frustrating. Well, I hit him once. I didn't turn it over. I just slapped him. Almost tore his head off."

While the film company was in town, Walker had brushes with two fighters. One evening a series of popping noises resounded around the pool of the Holiday Inn. It was Walker and 24-year-old Ruben Navarro, once the top-ranked junior lightweight contender and hero of the Los Angeles Mexican-American population, who makes a couple of brief appearances in the film. The two got to sparring a little and generating some heat. It ended when Navarro cracked Walker's bridgework with his open hand. Then there was the taping session matching Walker and fifth-ranked welterweight Hedgemon Lewis. There had been talk of a movie-colony match between Walker and Lewis, which would have been a great break for Walker. But this session was solely for the purpose of recording some convincing *thunks*, to be dubbed into the soundtrack at appropriate moments. Lewis was almost stolid; Walker put more into it. He came on in his siddling-bristling style, his torso switching like a cat's tail, his eyes and mouth grimming electrically. The two were concentrating hard on throwing undamaging punches to each other's gloves and arms. "Cut the voice," the sound man said when Walker started growling—apparently with the effort of restraint. Still,

the thunks didn't sound right. They tried Lewis hitting bare-handed into Walker's gloves, but that didn't work either. Finally they got the right sound from Lewis, gloved, hitting Al Silvani's bare hands. Walker got back into his robe, still twitching and jumping.

One of those watching was Bob Dixon, 50, a wizened ex-lightweight from Los Angeles, whose face has the texture of a much-abused boxing glove and whose voice is full of shattered glass. Rastar Productions found Dixon in a Stockton unemployment office and hired him to play a lettuce weeder who tells Tully, when the latter also is reduced to lettuce weeding, how wine and roses cost him a wife. Dixon hasn't fought in a ring since 1949, the year he got his first shot at a big purse. As he tells it, he was offered \$3,000 to box in Canada under an assumed name. For such an opportunity he took the cast off a broken right arm, figuring he could get by without using his right hand. He won the decision, but had to throw a couple of rights in the process, and after the fight his arm was swollen monstrously. He couldn't go to a doctor because he was afraid the boxing commission would get wind of his using the phony name. So he got a friend to put a cast on over the swelling. When the plaster came off, the arm was frozen at the elbow in the position it remains in today, bent as if for jogging. Dixon wasn't much of a fighter after that.

"I get a government pension, from shrapnel in the war, so it really doesn't matter," he said. "But I'da probably been way up there. Like Williams, he liked me. Because I was little and cocky. A little old luck didn't hurt too much, but you had to hit and not get hit, then counter good and drop the stud. But I started to drink a little bit. Got asthma. I'll go to the gym and fool around now. But I ain't got any gas."

Dixon didn't have to fight anybody

continued



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POOM, POW continued

while *Fat City* was being made. Neither, by any means, did white-haired Sammy Stein, but he remembered rowdier days. Stein plays the movie ring announcer, a role he often fills in real life around San Francisco. Between takes he reminisced: "I started thinking about being an announcer when I was 17. I bought one of these small intercoms, cost \$1.50. I put one end in the next room and talked into the other, and I said, 'The University of California.' It sounded pretty good. The U.C. never...st...teer...of Cal...if...or...nia. Very good."

And Al Silvani—when he wasn't coaching a fight scene or conferring with Huston about how authentic the punches were looking—told about how he came within an inch of punching out a *senior* on the set of *The Manchurian Candidate* to prove a point about boxing. Silvani never fought professionally but he has taught Paul Newman, the Thai army, Elvis Presley (for *Kid Galahad*) and Barbra Streisand how to box. (The Streisand lessons were just to pass the time during the filming of *Funny Girl*.) So Silvani knows what he is talking about when he says, "There is a definite art to taking a punch with your eyes open and looking to see what you're going to do next. Because it's a shock (he slaps himself unexpectedly in the face with a huge hand, causing three people nearby to start) to get hit in the face, and your first reaction is to flinch. That's why a boxer can always take a karate or a judo man. When we were making *The Manchurian Candidate*, this guy said his karate instructor could take seven guys throwing punches. I said I didn't know about seven guys, but I could take him. So a few days later this professor shows up. I say, 'You won't hurt me, and I won't hurt you, but we'll just see how it would go.' So we got out there and I gave it this—he flinched—"and he tensed up, and I had an opening."

Fat City was a remarkably realistic film, Silvani said, because "this is the first fight film where nobody takes a dive, nobody's got a gun to anybody's head. All the fights I was involved in, nobody had a gun to anybody's head. And the only time somebody will throw a fight is like this: during the war I had Tante Mauricello. Joe Louis was in the Army so Mauricello was very big. So the promoter in some tank town would call up and say, 'We want Mauricello

and you can pick your opponent.' Well, Mauricello had been messing around, not training—he was out of shape. So what am I going to do—take somebody along who's going to knock his head off? So you find somebody and say, 'Tami is out of shape, he can go about two or three rounds, then you lay down.' Or you've got a good kid you're bringing along, and you want him to learn his moves, you don't want him to get beat. But that's just in tank towns."

Probably the snappiest fighter-talker on hand was Aragon, who handed out his bail-bond business cards reading, "I'll get you out if it takes 10 years," and who told about such fighters as the one who "was a great boxer, but he had bad hands. The referee kept stepping on them." Aragon went on: "When I retired, Jim Healy, the radio announcer in L.A., said, 'Art Aragon cleaned up boxing in California today. He quit.'"
For a while Aragon read *Gives and Dells* on the set and then he started carrying around a volume entitled *California Appellate Reports 2nd Series, 154, 1957, Appender—California Supplement*, which contained the appellate court's opinion on *People vs. Aragon*. This was the case in which it was charged that when Aragon was third-ranked welterweight "he did, in substance, about Dec. 7, 1956, unlawfully offer to give a sum of money to Dick Goldstein with the intention and understanding that Goldstein would not use his best efforts to win a certain boxing contest, in which contest each of them was to participate, and with the further understanding that Goldstein would so conduct himself as to assist and enable Aragon to win the boxing event." A lower court's guilty verdict was overturned by the appellate division on procedural grounds.

"When I was 19 or 20," said Aragon, "I was in a picture with Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney—*Off Limits*. I played myself, Art Aragon, champion of the Navy, and Rooney played the champion of the Army. Biggest mistake of my life I was supposed to miss him by half an inch. I hit him on the chin. Held up the movie two weeks. Couple of hours he couldn't talk. That was the last movie fight scene I was in. Word gets around."

That was the problem on Sixto Rodriguez' mind when he was trying to make his fight scenes with Keach realistic. "I tell him, 'Go ahead and hit me

continued



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to the body," "Sixto said, "and he says, "You do the same." I tell him no. I want to do well in this picture. Maybe it will lead to something else."

Rodriguez' life has so far led, if not exactly to Fat City, at least out of boxing the couldn't get Archie Moore or Willie Pastrano to give him a title shot) and into ownership of a Texaco station. He also lives an enviably warm family life with the former Jackie Dempsey and their two children; one, who is 2½, can chin himself, and the other, 7½, is planning to take his father's leftover scars to school for show-and-tell. (Makeup man Young uses a special plastic for his applied scars. He makes them up in advance and keeps them in a Lucite box marked "Scars.")

Sixto was probably the best-liked person on the set, and he had no interest in causing any movie people to suffer. But one night Author Gardner, Ruben Navarro and Bob Olson had been out all afternoon drinking and carrying on, and when Gardner came back to the Holiday Inn he apparently thought he was one of his characters. Gardner is as spare (6 feet, 147 pounds) and as low-keyed as his prose style, but he is tenacious. "When I'm writing," he declared one night, "I'm like the guy who wants to do 100 pull-ups and can only do 10, but he's still hanging on to the bar."

Anyway, this was the same night Navarro cracked Walker's bridge work. Rodriguez was among those standing around the pool, watching. And Gardner started moving in on Sixto—who kept protesting, "No, I don't do that." Gardner kept advancing, throwing open

hands. Finally Sixto responded with three quick open hands to the body. "Leonard didn't buck up," reported Dixon later. "Leonard was pretty keen. He's fiery, to be 38 years old. But Leonard did stop."

"Man, what were you doing?" Navarro asked Gardner. "Even I wouldn't do that."

But straightening out an author was easier for Rodriguez than faking things with an actor. None of the fighters around were complaining about the movie work. "These guys spar all the time for nothing," pointed out Jeff Bridges (who describes himself as "pretty passive"), "and here they're getting paid \$150 a day to take my punch—which is not much."

The fighters' pain was psychological. "It's hard for a pro to hold back a punch," explained Rodriguez. "And in this movie I'm supposed to have a bad stomach—and my stomach is good. I tell anybody, 'Go ahead, hit me there.' In the movie I'm supposed to pass blood—and I never passed blood. A couple of times, after fights, but it was just excitement—that, and getting hit in the kidney. But not from a bad stomach. I made Bobo Olson pass blood."

And here Sixto was, playing an over-the-hill Mexican fighter who comes up to fight Tully and Jones because he is "weak downstairs." Keach was game and trim—he had trained with Jose Torres for four months in New York before moving out to Stockton. But in the ring he looked like the diametric opposite of Billy Walker—stiff above the hips. He also was hurting in the ribs

and under the heart; his thumb felt sprained, and he couldn't help noting that when he accidentally hit Sixto a little too squarely, Sixto responded a little too instinctively.

Sixto showed a hitherto unrealized flair for falling down and showing pain—"pretty good for somebody who never got knocked out, huh?" he would say in a strained voice—but he had a hard time making it look as though he weren't intentionally opening himself up for Keach's punches.

The scuffling went on for three days, sometimes convincingly, sometimes not. "You go *poom, poom* and I'll go *po, po*," the combatants would say to each other. Silvani made suggestions and Huston looked on from the background, giving everyone plenty of rope.

Finally, on the last afternoon that could be devoted to the Tully fight scene, Silvani took Keach and Rodriguez aside. "O.K.," he said. "This is the last time we're going through it. So if somebody gets hit a little bit..." Silvani shrugged.

"O.K., gringo," Sixto said to Keach with a big smile, and the two climbed in and started going at it in a spirited way. There were flashes of a combination of manifest gusto and concealed restraint that almost amounted to an art form in itself. What looked like Tully's mouthpiece went flying, it was Tully's cauliflower ear. The extras hreathed mineral-oil vapor, smoked Huston's Supreme and cheered and cried for blood with semispontaneous feeling. By the time Huston said "Print it," the fighters had knocked off all of each other's artificial soars.

END

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by COLES PHINIZY

OFF INTO THE WILD WHITE YONDER

If all the frippery and fringe delights that airlines offer the public were necessary, the Talkeetna Air Service of Talkeetna, Alaska, would have gone out of business in its first year. It is an unpretentious operation, strictly bush, in the fine sense of the word, and it has survived for 24 years by promising only to try to get its customers where they want to go. When you are flying the unfriendly skies of Alaska, that is promise enough.

If you expect haute cuisine or any other kind of pie in the sky, do not use the Talkeetna Air Service. If you can enjoy an honest slice of old-time aviation without gloss, then Talkeetna is for you. The Talkeetna Air Service will pick you up in the middle of a lake and, if you wish, put you down on a glacier above 7,000 feet. Talkeetna will fly you from the Wrangell Mountains westward to the Kuskokwim flats, and from Ketchikan and Yakutat in the south to Barrow and Umanak on the north slope. Talkeetna will drop you off on any grassy bald or gravel bar, on water, snow or ice, provided its smallest plane, a Piper Super Cub, has room enough and air dense enough to put down and jump back into the sky like a scared mallard.

Alaskan weather, like the land, is heroic in scale. The Talkeetna Air Service has managed to hack it in a windy world of grants because 50-year-old Donald Sheldon, its founder, owner and senior pilot, is what engineers call a good stoichiometric mix for such a rude environment. Sheldon is nine parts caution and one part faith. He has faith in God

and selected radio frequencies, but he filters every gallon of airplane gas five times. When low-pressure areas spiraling out of Bristol Bay and the Chukchi Sea foul up the Alaskan flyways, Sheldon bides his time. When he finds a good hole in the weather, he goes for it, day or night.

Because of the big winds aloft, the Talkeetna Air Service does not guarantee to take you anywhere on schedule. And how pleasantly you travel in any weather depends on the traffic. Senior Pilot Sheldon and Junior Pilot Mike Fisher have that day. The seats in Talkeetna's three Cessnas are comfortable—but you do not always get one. On many flights the Cessna seats are left behind since they take space that can be used for cargo. Flying north out of Talkeetna, you sometimes sit on a tank of propane bound for a homesteader in the bush. Southbound you may be alongside a hunter, sitting on the hindquarters of his moose. On busy days the Talkeetna Air Service loads the bulky cargo on first, then loads you on, then piles more baggage on you, but nothing really burdensome. The most that Talkeetna ever expects a passenger to carry in his lap is maybe a bedroll, half a dozen crampons and ice axes, a pair of snowshoes, a gallon of ice cream and a carton of eggs. Odds and ends like that.

On a fine day when business is slow, Don Sheldon can usually fly a passenger on a bedline, but even then he does not always do so. Sheldon loves Alaska, every part of it, all the grandeur and agony of it. Thirty minutes out-

bound from Talkeetna across the spruce land and green balds, he is apt to bank around in the sky half a dozen times to point out the scars of old mines, the silver ribbons of water clogged with fish, or a cow moose browsing with her calf. He will suddenly stand the Cessna on one wing and shout, "Right down there in the spruce, a brown bear. According to the game commission, which thinks it knows everything, brown bears are not found more than 80 miles from salt water, but right there is a brown bear 130 miles from salt water."

Forty miles farther north, beyond iron-stained mountains that in midsummer still carry old yellow snow in their pockets, Sheldon enters his special heaven, the Alaska Range. Rading high over the blue ice of a glacier between scarps too sheer to hold new snow, he is in his glory. "Five ice ages have plastered this place," he exults. "This is the Great Gorge of the Ruth Glacier," he shouts. "Deeper than the Grand Canyon, but most people never heard of it."

After a spell of bad weather, with his commitments piling up, Sheldon still wanders, but this time not so casually. On a typical day he first heads northwest from Talkeetna to the Cache Creek area. Wingslipping a thousand feet, he levels off 20 feet over the deck, throttles back and skip-bombs a carton of dynamite to a mining camp that has been wanting it for a week. Then he strikes out for Mt. McKinley, the two-headed giant of North America. For half an hour, at altitudes between 10,000 and 14,000 feet, he buzzes the white flanks and buttresses like a gadfly, looking for mountain climbers or their tracks.

In the summer the Talkeetna Air Service flies 100 or more climbers—American, Canadian, Japanese, German, Italian, Spanish, French and Swiss—into the Alaska Range. Sheldon and Junior Pilot Fisher put the climbers down at 6,000 feet or higher on glaciers, then ferry them back out three or four weeks later when they have conquered their mountain or have had enough of it. Some of the climbers, suffering injury, frostbite, anoxia or pulmonary edema, must be hustled out on short notice, in a hurry. Some of them never come out; they fall off mountains and disappear in deep



snow. Sheldon spends a lot of time looking for the lost ones and usually does not find them. In the terrible summer of 1960, in a matter of hours two mountaineering parties got in trouble high on McKinley. The first plane to the rescue was pressed by a downdraft into the mountain and burned. Sheldon landed 18 times on an untrod 30-degree ice slope in the thin air at 14,300 feet, bringing out five of the distressed climbers and 13 members of a rescue party.

The Talkeetna Air Service is the abiding friend of the Alaskan climber, not

only in this life but in the hereafter. Sheldon has brought dead climbers out, and also has scattered the cremated remains of a few in the mountains. (The first time he performed this rite, he misjudged the air bubbling around the open plane window. A lot of the ashes flurried back inside, getting in his eyes and hair.) A mountain climber freshly dead is usually more of a problem than a cremated one. Last summer when a large dead climber was recovered from a crevasse 9,300 feet up on the Muldrow Glacier, Sheldon could not bend the streaked,

frozen corpse enough to get it into his Super Cub. He flew it out of the mountains lashed to a timber on the outside of the plane.

On a typical day, after he has hunted for half a dozen climbing parties on McKinley—finding perhaps one and traces of another—Sheldon heads northward out of the Alaska Range into the dry blue sky of the Kantishna drainage. He comes in low over an outdoor camp and skip-bombs a gallon of peach ice cream to the proprietors. His aim is too good. The ice-cream bomb knocks down the camp's washline. He rises, then lands a few miles to the northwest on a gravel strip along Moose Creek, a tributary of the Kantishna River. There he temporarily off-loads a photographer who has been with him and takes aboard three Estonian mountain climbers who want to make an aerial reconnaissance. Sheldon advises the photographer he is leaving behind, "I'll be back in about an hour. Meanwhile you will be eaten alive by mosquitos." After buzzing around McKinley again with the Estonians, he returns to Moose Creek for the mosquito-bitten photographer. Then he flies northwest to Caribou Creek to advise some antimony miners how to fix the radio he left with them. (They should realign the aeral and dip the corroded battery clips in hot soda water.)

From the antimony mine Sheldon heads back over the Alaska Range for Talkeetna. He has completed his rounds, but his day is not done. Before he has taxied the plane around and cut the switch, his wife Roberta—who serves as business manager, booking agent and operations control—is on the edge of the strip with an urgent message. A long-time customer, a venerable, weaving pillar of the Talkeetna community, has just fallen off a bar stool at the Rainbow Lodge and is in a bad way. Without asking how or why Sheldon grabs an emergency mountaineering kit and dashes off in a car to give the bar-stool victim a blast of pure oxygen.

How many airlines ever offered as much as Talkeetna actually delivers in one day of erratic flying? Certainly there are airlines that will scatter your ashes on request. Possibly there are a few that will drop dynamite and peach ice cream

continued

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WHITE YONDER CONSUMED

at your feet for a price. But is there any airline other than Talkeetna that really cares enough to come running when you crash in a local bar?

In the 24 years since Sheldon went in business with a pair of secondhand wings, the Talkeetna Air Service has logged more than a million miles. In the process it has lost one pilot and five planes, but never a passenger. To appreciate the concern Sheldon has for his clients, one need only cross the street from the Talkeetna hangar and talk to Frank Moennikes, owner of the Fairview Inn. Many of Talkeetna Air Service's customers go through a lot, but Moennikes is the only one who have ever been to the bottom of a lake with Sheldon.

In the early fall of 1950 Sheldon flew Moennikes in to a small lake near the Alaska Range to skin and quarter two moose that hunters had shot. By early afternoon when they headed out with one butchered moose aboard, the wind was tricky—"squirrely" as Sheldon describes it—and the air was so warm it was robbing the plane of lift. Realizing he would not clear the rock rim guarding one end of the lake, but already committed to the air, Sheldon tried to ease the plane around, stalled and went into the water.

The impact injured Moennikes' neck so he could barely control his head. When the plane hit the lake bottom, both doors were jammed shut. Sheldon hauled Moennikes out through the broken windshield, got him to the surface and swam him to shore. He hauled Moennikes beside the lake in caribou moss, with only his face exposed. While Moennikes lay there through the night listening to the bears—or wolves—that came to feed on the second moose, Sheldon covered more than 40 rough miles, walking, climbing and swimming, to reach a telephone on the Alaska Railroad. Three times in the night he had to swim down the edge of rapids through the canyons of a creek, and three times on gravel bars he huffed bears out of his way by waving his coat. He reached the phone early in the morning, and by 9 o'clock the Air Force had picked up Moennikes.

"Sheldon is one good man," Moennikes says.

Sheldon has been in the Alaskan sky so long he cannot head anywhere today without a memory. Southbound from

Talkeetna to Anchorage he usually flies in the same air rui where long ago a squaw gave birth in the rear seat. On the way to Anchorage he flies close by the spot where his former partner, Sub Morrison, lost his bearings in radiation fog and flew into the ground. Farther along the same track Sheldon passes over the tall cottonwoods that once caught his spinning plane and broke the fall after clear air turbulence had folded a wing back at 2,500 feet. (He sold the bent remains of that plane for \$50.)

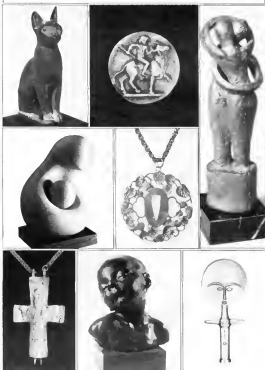
North from Talkeetna out the port window Sheldon looks across the hills where he saved three downed fliers. Out the other window he can see the Devil's Canyon of the Susitna River, where he rescued six Army men who were hanging on a rock face.

Sheldon often flies in and out of Cantwell, the strip where 10 years ago a crazy woman seized the controls during take-off and put the plane over an embankment. When he takes hunters to and from the mountains, he is often on the same track where eight years ago he asked a Protestant minister to get out of the cabin in midair and use his wright to keep a damaged ski at the proper angle so the plane would not crash. The preacher had hired Sheldon to show him the country. Hanging on a strut, bearing down on the faulty ski for 60 miles, he got an unforgettable, frozen, bird's-eye view of it. Sheldon did not charge him for the flight. It is not unusual for his passengers to participate in the operation, tramping down runways in the snow and such as that, but hanging on a strut in 20-below-zero air to keep the plane flying is more than Talkeetna expects of a paying customer.

Don Sheldon is an average-size, rock-hard man who sometimes walks as if he were carrying the world. After 30 years of exposure in Alaska he is weathered, for sure, but he has the face and grin of a kid. He is an accomplished worrier who bounces around like a boy. The harsh ups and downs of his business would drive most money-minded men up a wall. He pays about \$7,000 a year to cover his passengers, but insurance for his planes is too much. The annual premium that even smart gambling concerns like Lloyds of London ask is roughly a third the cost of the aircraft. Rather than spend \$85,000 in four years for a \$35,000 plane, Sheldon prefers to

continued

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take his chances. Some years he has been a loser, but the loss barely shows on him. Flying over the Talkeetna Mountains, he casually points out a small nonetheless lake that he calls "27-G" in memory of the \$27,000 plane that he lost—totally totalled, one might say—shortly after takeoff in warm and fluky air. After tearing off both its floats on rock, the staggering 27-G plane plowed between two outcroppings, leaving its wings behind and sending its engine on ahead. Most of the fuselage, containing Sheldon and a sheep hunter named Wally Grubbs, fell into a 60-foot crevasse. "Like the proverbial straw going through the oak tree," Sheldon remembers, "we hit so hard we never got a scratch." Finding wreckage strung out for 300 yards but no sign of life, a search plane wrote them off. Sheldon and Grubbs got out of the bush aboard the helicopter that came to look for their bodies.

For the past six months Sheldon's most expensive plane, a \$45,000 special Cessna conversion, has been lying upside down at 8,750 feet on the Sustina Glacier of Mt. Hayes. Late last June Sheldon had safely landed the Cessna with a Japanese climber aboard and was finishing his run-out when a squirrely blast of wind flipped the plane onto its back. The next day, as if he had only dropped a few dollars at hingo, he went about his business, ferrying customers here and there in another plane. In Alaska it pays to keep cool.

In 1938, at the age of 17, Sheldon left his parents and went to Alaska, looking for some greater challenge than his home state, Wyoming, could offer. He got his first job in an Anchorage dairy, working, as he recalls, 25 hours a day, nine days a week. Despairing of that, he headed north on the Alaska Railroad as far as his cash would take him—to Talkeetna. In the next two years he nearly starved or froze as a woodcutter, gold miner, construction worker and trapper, but by the time the Japanese hit Pearl Harbor he was making good money on a surveying crew in the frantic airport building boom. Since any man who could both think and work in sub-zero weather was invaluable, he got several military deferments at his boss' request and could have had more, but he wanted to get into the war as a forward observer in the sort of small craft he

had learned to fly in his spare time. He was accepted for the Civilian Pilot Training program, but like many others he got caught in the whimsical workings of the military and ended up as tail gunner on a B-17 in Europe. He flew 26 missions, surviving one terrible crash when his bomber, limping back, hit an English oak tree square on and failed to go through it like the proverbial straw.

After the war Sheldon hoped to buy a plane with his accrued pay and become a hush pilot, but he was nearly two years getting to it. When he first applied for one of their craft, the Piper Aircraft Corporation had a book of back orders the size of a Montgomery Ward catalog. He finally got a war-surplus machine and flew it to Alaska, settling in Fairbanks, a far busier hub than Talkeetna. He flew across the Alaska Range to Talkeetna one day simply to visit and has been there ever since. At the time Talkeetna had a good strip but no resident bush pilot. In the land around Talkeetna there were still trappers futilely trapping despite the declining market. There were still miners full of hope. There were sportsmen after game and fish. There were homesteaders, geologists, surveyors, road gangs and mountaineers—all needing air service.

Although, thanks to the return of Sheldon, Talkeetna can boast of the most versatile bush-pilot operation in all Alaska, the town itself is not much more than it ever was. Forty years ago about 150 people and 200 dogs lived within the informal limits of Talkeetna. There are still about 150 people around, but the number of resident dogs is way down. The slant eye of the husky still shows in the mongrels wandering on the main street, but the great sled teams are gone. Today the growl of the snowmobile is heard in the land. Vintage Detroit cars now rot in the weeds, abandoned like the dog huts and notched-log cabins whose roofs have held the weight of 40 winters. The new highway being built between Anchorage and Fairbanks bypasses Talkeetna, sparing it the embarrassment of becoming needlessly involved in the present. The town has no mayor, no taxes, no government. Its one parking meter in front of Frank Moonraker's Fairview Inn does not work. Some of the hippies who have gone into the bush around Talkeetna to escape the trammels of modern living do not get

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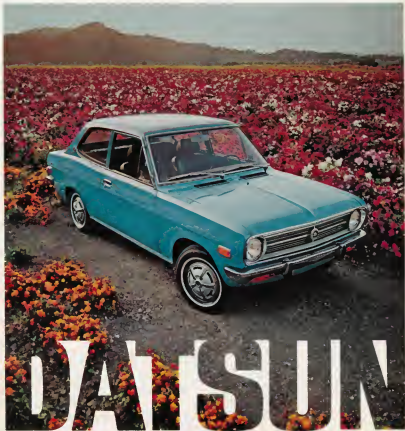
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WHITE YONDER restaurant

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Although Talkeetna, by choice, is only loosely connected to the red-hot present, it has a cosmopolitan flair. Emery Kunkel, the postmaster, once served as a railroad troubleshooter in Europe. Frank Moennikes picks up and goes back to his native Westphalia every now and again. Ray Genet, one of the finest Swiss mountain guides, now headquarters in Talkeetna. "Evil Alice" Powell, proprietress of the excellent Talkeetna Motel, drove her own Stutz Bearcat at the age of 14 and made her debut at the Waldorf in New York a few years later.

Sheldon's hangar just off the main street is called the Sheldon Sheraton because in the busy weeks of summer mountain climbers of five countries are often camped in it, waiting their turn to be flown onto a glacier. One stretch of the East Fork of the Kahiltna Glacier, 60 miles from town, is known as the Talkeetna International Airport because Sheldon and Mike Fisher lend so many foreign Alpinists there. Seven miles west of this so-called International Airport, on the opposite flank of Mt. McKinley, there is now a small chalet known as the Sheldon International Hotel. When the state of Alaska recently opened up acreage for recreational and commercial development, many of its citizens grabbed up five acres of moose and mosquito land. Sheldon is the only one who asked for five acres of a glacier. In his hangar in Talkeetna he built an octagonal chalet 36 feet across, then disassembled it and flew it piece by piece to its present site in a vast amphitheater of the Ruth Glacier at 5,850 feet. When you rent Sheldon's glacier estate for a day or a week, you are miles from the madding crowd, but not necessarily alone. In the middle of the night a gang of mountaineers who have finished an assault on Mt. McKinley may pile into the mountain house with you.

Over the years Sheldon has been offered aviation jobs where the flying is easier, the hours regular and the pay good. "In a year," he says, "I fly for a thousand different bosses and enjoy it more than I ever would flying for one boss by the clock. Flying out of Talkeetna, I think I have something special to offer. Why should I go somewhere else to become what everybody already is?"

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The subject boarded a Mohawk Airlines flight from Syracuse to Buffalo under an assumed name. On arrival he was met by a group of anonymous men who retrieved his luggage and whisked him off to a restaurant, where they entered through the kitchen and ate dinner in a makeshift back room. Preparations for a Howard Hughes interview? Nope, just the Buffalo Bills' way of letting Notre Dame Defensive End Walt Patulski know he would be their first draft selection the next morning. Patulski didn't mind all the mystery. "It was kind of spooky and fun," he said.

Nothing so glamorous, alas, for Linebacker Alphonso Cain of little Bethune-Cookman College in Florida. When he was picked on the 17th round by the Dallas Cowboys, the 442nd and last player selected in the 1972 draft, he was sitting in the bleachers at the B-C vs. Edward Waters College basketball game. Being last, he said, was a "dubious honor," but he promised to give 100%. B-C won the game 133-89.

Satchel Paige, obviously moved when his old friends and teammates appeared one by one to

pay him tribute on TV's *This Is Your Life*, could not restrain his tears as his older brother John limped on stage, using a cane. His happiest moment seemed to come when a young man he had never met before strode on. "The one man I've been wanting to meet," said the old pitcher, shaking hands with Vida Blue.

Ecology-minded Goldean Huber, a game-division secretary at the Missouri Conservation Commission in Jefferson City, thought she had found just the thing to add a bit of outdoor color to her office, an apparently deserted football-size hornets' nest that was hanging frozen from a tree. Once indoors, the nest began to thaw and so did the hornets inside. The game-division office quickly emptied of personnel. No injuries were reported, but that doesn't take the sting out, does it, Goldean?

◆ Despite his disguise for a role in a Noah's Ark sequence on an ABC special to be telecast later this year, the bewigged, flop-buttied phi will be recognized by sharp-eyed fans as being that of announcer Howard Cosell, here talking with Noah (Mickey Rooney). Cosell's role



is less out of character than it appears. He is listed in the program as the "storyteller."

They held that poetry reading in Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum last week, the one titled *Yerushenko and Friends*. A couple of the friends were poet-novels James Dickey and poet-politician Eugene McCarthy, who decided, while waiting to go on, to climb five flights of stairs and climb some poetry of another sort—the Millrose Games track meet being held in the Garden itself. Dickey, an ex-hurdler, and McCarthy, a sometime bullplayer, finally had to be fetched to do their stunt. Objected McCarthy, "We'd rather watch the games."

The nation's Indians, the real ones who went on the warpath recently by suing the Cleveland Indians for \$9 million over their use of Chief Wahoo as a team symbol, aren't resting on their law suits. At Stanford University a petition signed by 55 American Indian students has prompted university officials to seek an end to the use of the Indian designation for Big Red teams. The petition called the Indian symbol "denigrating and insulting," and President Richard W. Lyman said he finds the argument's mere

persuasive as time goes by. Stanford ombudsman Lois S. Amsterdarn has said the image should be "immediately disavowed." Instead, the school may soon opt for its old nickname, the Cardinals, which should be fine with everybody except maybe Pope Paul.

Playwright Garrison Kanis, who dropped out of Brooklyn's James Madison High School in 1927, returned recently to receive an honorary diploma. During his visit Kanis raised his party leg and showed 1,000 students and teachers a memento of his Madison days, a cinder imbedded below his knee that he picked up during a high school track meet more than 40 years ago. He never had it removed, he admitted, because it hurt too much. "And what started out as cowardice," he added, "ended up as sentiment."

◆ Stan Musial arrived in Warsaw last week, invited by the Polish Olympic Committee, to look over its summer Olympic training facilities. While there he sought out a cousin he had never met and managed to sign a few autographs for unlikely but pretty baseball fans in Poland, where he is still regarded as a kind of folk hero.



Tall drink of mountain can-do

The game's biggest player is now becoming one of its best

The barn where 7' 4" Tommy Burleson began playing basketball now lies in stony, splintered rubble, but the aged rim and backboard remain, although removed to the front yard of the clapboard house. Like the Indian arrowheads scattered about the mountain property of his home near rural Newland, N.C., they are artifacts of a time past, when Tommy and his older sister played one-on-one—and Tommy lost.

Burleson was a 6' 8" high school freshman when he finally began to defeat Connie regularly. Now the North Carolina State sophomore is the biggest player in the land, and Connie is no longer in his class. Nor are many other people.

Not long ago there was another opinion of Burleson that sought to relegate him to the order of stumbling, fumbling giants. Burleson fears the notion may still exist, but his credentials as the leading rebounder (14.7) and second leading scorer (21.8) in the Atlantic Coast Conference obviously suggest otherwise. "A lot of people think I'm a big clod," he said a month ago, before his basketball figures got even better. "They think I just stand around and act big."

If they really do, they really are wrong. This shy mountain teen-ager has been playing better sooner than almost anyone expected him to. Twice last month he totaled more than 20 points and 20 rebounds in a game. On two other occasions he scored in the 30s. All of this came about not simply because he towered over opponents but because he moved well, showed an assortment of short-range shots and tenaciously chased down rebounds, looking at times like a guard.

Burleson's development in North Carolina State's 10-7 season has brought

its moments of despair, as one might have expected of a 19-year-old. In an early-season loss to North Carolina he showed all the effectiveness of a beanstalk. "He was never in the game," Coach Norman Sloan said later. "He didn't know what to do."

As recently as last week, in a 66-65 loss to Maryland, Burleson proved he still had much to learn. Although statistically impressive with 18 points and 13 rebounds in 31 minutes, he let himself be intimidated by the Terrapins' muscular Len Elmore. "He was too concerned with the physical treatment he was getting," said Sloan. "Had he just played his game Elmore would have drawn the fouls."

Such inconsistencies can be attributed less to Burleson's size than to his basketball background, which, by today's standards, was disadvantaged. Home was, and still is, Avery County, where he is as much a local attraction as the mysterious Brown Mountain Lights that have inexplicably flickered since anyone can remember. When he goes back to the quiet, uncomplicated repose of Newland, he rides the winding roads of what locals claim is the world's only dry resort (although moonshining has been known to exist) and around this bend and down that lane accepts the warm greetings of occasional townspeople. While skiing is the new local industry, the locals industriously ignore it, preferring instead high school athletics. The trouble is, until Tommy Burleson started attracting inquiries from 300 colleges, there was not much to be said for the quality of basketball played in the region. That Burleson became at all proficient at the game with so little competition is mainly the responsibility of his father, Loren, a former high school and amateur player who encouraged his son because he considered sport the proper pastime for his children. "It keeps them off the roads," he says. If the success of Tommy or Connie (a high school star herself) is insufficient proof of the game's worth, Loren can pull out pictures of the entire family of six playing in the barn.

People were claiming Tommy was going to be a star when he was in the eighth grade, but all Burleson can recall is a succession of nine-point and four-rebound games and a feeling that he might never escape the mountains. He was ridiculed

for his gawkishness when he attended a basketball camp run by a college coach of the area.

But Tommy persevered, ever careful to avoid the low burn rafters with his jump shot and, at his father's insistence, juggling oranges and grapefruits to improve his hands. He became a good high school player despite refusing to take full advantage of his physical ability, allowing his opponents to jab, shove and harass him, as they do today. "It really got to me one night," he recalls. "I broke a guy's nose. I caught him with a quick elbow when nobody was looking. It was a great move."

Burleson has matured past the point of unsophisticated retaliation, but the Maryland game is proof of his vulnerability to physical abuse. Doctors recently told him that his upward growth has ended. Now his narrow 230-pound frame can broaden to the point that intimidating players will become intimidated.

Sloan believes Burleson could finish his college career with the ACC's all-time scoring and rebounding records. All of which means that Burlesontown—a section near Newland that has nurtured Burlesons for 125 years—is going to have to wait a while for the return of its most famous and, easily, biggest raiser of prize-winning cattle. That, should you care, is young Tom Burleson's other talent.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

SOUTH North Carolina, the nation's best field-goal-shooting team, was throttled down to a miserable 27.3% in the first half by Atlantic Coast Conference cellar dweller Wake Forest. But N.C., led by Robert McAdoo, revived in the second half and put down the rebellion 71-59. Provoked by a Temple sign that proclaimed *RED HITS BASKETBALL—THE NATION'S BEST*, the awakened Deacons bounced back to chastise the Philadelphia 57-51. Wallie Griffin hit 10 of 16 shots, most of them at least 20-footers, and scored a career record of 26 points to demolish the Owls.

Virginia's Bill Gibson proved what his fans had thought all along: that he can do no wrong, even when he tries. Losing to North Carolina State with 15 seconds to go, the

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Cavalier coach tried to call time-out to set up a last shot. None of his players saw his signal, but Frank DeWitt spotted sophomore Larry Staburski cutting for the basket and fed him the ball for the winning layup, 69-68. Virginia followed this triumph with a 62-58 victory at Clemson. Poor Clemson, which fell to Virginia Tech, too, 48-44, lost its third last-second four-point game of the week by yielding to South Carolina—62-58 again.

Florida State, before losing to Houston, broke Pan American's seven-game winning streak 109-83. As Ron King continued in a slump, 5' 7" Otto Petty—King's high school teammate in Louisville—scored 24 points and got 10 assists. "Man, I've been driving on those big dudes all my life," Petty said, "but here I had just turned into a passer, we had so many great shooters."

Jacksonville U's seven-foot sophomore, Dave Brent, still favoring a leg broken in December, blocked 13 shots, got 18 rebounds and scored 45 points to lead the Dolphins past Furman 91-90. Gary Clark threw the ball high into the student section on an inbounds play and earned possession of The White Brick, awarded for the worst play of a game. White Brick winners carry the thing to class, on dates and even in the shower.

Kentucky leaped over Tennessee into the SEC lead by mopping Alabama 77-74 and, after trailing by six points, edging past upstart Vanderbilt 85-80. All five Alabama starters hit in double figures against the wobbly Wildcats; as for the Commodores, they took Kentucky into overtime, barely missing a last-second shot in regulation time that would have won 78-76.

Maryland fell slipped by North Carolina State on the road 66-65 when Rick Hold's last-second shot circled the rim and topped off, then butchered Duke 77-58.

1. N. CAROLINA (14-2) 2. S. CAROLINA (14-3)

WEST USC's long-anticipated showdown with UCLA was rendered anticlimactic by the absence of injured Trojan star Paul Westphal and three recent USC defeats. Within 21 seconds Bill Walton crashed on them. "We were out almost instantly," Coach Bob Boyd said. "First Walton gets a three-point play, then the press forces a turnover and it's 5-0. The hope and objective of our whole offense was predicated on not playing from behind." Walton, whom Boyd called "super, super, superb," left the game with eight minutes to go after holding USC's two top men to one point apiece. Final score: 83-56.

When 6' 8" Kansas transfer Leonard Gray made his long-awaited debut for Long Beach, 49er fans filled Anaheim Convention Center to capacity. Gray was everything his advance notices had predicted. He scored on his first 12 shots as a collegian. He hit all seven shots he took against UC-Irvine

as Long Beach romped 83-62, then connected on his first five against Illinois State. For a while, though, that seemed not enough. The Redbirds, with the nation's No. 2 scorer Doug Collins sinking 10 of his first 15 shots, went 60% from the floor in the first half, and Long Beach had to change to a 1-2-2 zone before shutting off Collins and rambling to an 88-63 win.

Washington, lurking in the woods all winter, sneaked to a 14-3 record by whipping muscular Washington State 103-92. Charles Dudley moved inside against the smaller Cougar guards for a career high of 30 points, and big Steve Hawes added another 30. Meanwhile, Oregon beat Oregon State for the sixth straight time, 71-63.

After New Mexico trampled entered Brigham Young's new basketball palace and slowed the running Cougars only to lose 70-62, Texas-El Paso's Don Haskins came to town. "When it comes to slowdowns, they ain't seen nothing yet," he drawled. It took BYU, averaging 85 points in the WAC, two overtimes and 59 minutes of basketball to get past the 50-point mark. The crowd heckled and Haskins said, "Sure, they love to see their Cougars run you right into the hardwoods. That's like cheering beef into the slaughter yards." UTEP lost anyway, 57-53.

Opening a 9-0 lead before Florida State got off a shot, Houston upset the Seminoles 94-86 by hitting 62% from the field in the first half. Hawaii lost to Westmont 90-89 but defeated UC-Irvine 88-79.

1. UCLA (17-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (18-2)

MIDWEST After five escapes from disaster, Marquette finally ran off a relaxing victory, beating DePaul 79-61. The undefeated Warriors won with style, destroying a zone with crisp outside shooting and not allowing DePaul a field goal for over 10 minutes.

Louisville, the other Midwest leader, was stopped after 15 straight on its own court. Memphis State connected on 56.7% of its shots in the second half, played a tight zone defense and won 77-69. The Cards rebounded to defeat outmanned Drake 92-75.

The icing to Ohio State's stirring 82-77 comeback against Iowa fittingly came on a three-point play by Allan Horynack set up by a slick pass from Luke Witte. Horynack, who scored 37 points, hit nine of the Buckeyes' last 11 points, but the sentimental favorite was Witte, back in action finally after his hard times at Minnesota. He played near top form and ended with 17 points and 14 rebounds. Witte scored another 15 points when the Buckeyes cut down Wisconsin 79-69.

Purdue moved into Big Ten contention by defeating Michigan 84-74. Bob Ford and Bill Franklin accounted for 57 points and 32 rebounds. C. J. Schroeder made 10 straight free

throws in the last eight minutes to lead Illinois to a 68-59 win over Northwestern.

Minnesota meanwhile lacked past lows 53-52 when a foul shot by Jim Brewer, the team's worst free-throw shooter, hung on the rim before falling through.

Missouri's top scorer, John Brown, who rushed back from a White House antidrug conference to play against Kansas State, said he was too nervous to ask President Nixon to suggest a play. Nixon undoubtedly would not have suggested that Brown foul out with nearly four minutes to go. Missouri lost 69-67 despite holding K. State's leading scorer David Hall with a point. Missouri also had trouble with Kansas, committing 20 turnovers before escaping 64-60. "Had 'em all the way," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart, rolling his eyes heavenward.

Marshall wrecked Cleveland State 102-70 and rumbled by stifling Long Island University 70-61. Oral Roberts University pushed its record to 17-1 by beating William Jewell 112-92 and thrashing Oglethorpe 126-93. Creighton upset 17th-ranked Jacksonville 71-66.

1. MARQUETTE (17-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (18-2)

EAST Corky Calhoun finished off collapsing Harvard with 14 points in the second half as Penn splattered the Crimson 84-60. The sixth-ranked Quakers hit eight of their first 11 attempts from the floor, and Phil Hankinson scored 20 points before leaving the game early. The next night in Hanover, N.H., Pennsylvania extended its record to 14-2 by downing tougher Dartmouth 88-66. Overshadowed by tall Penn, Dartmouth used a bizarre triangle-and-two defense which had 6' 1" Gary Dicovityky guarding 6' 8" Bob Morse and 6' 1" James Brown guarding 6' 7" Corky Calhoun. Said high scorer Hankinson, "I made a vow after the Temple game that I would not allow any team to play us with a junk defense." Apparently he considered the triangle junk.

Dartmouth previously had moved past favored Princeton 81-79, also at Hanover. On Saturday the Tigers found some solace in beating up Harvard 91-66. Surprising Brown, winner of eight of its last nine games, knocked down Cornell 89-73 and Columbia 78-72.

Northern Illinois rared Buffalo 106-86 and Kent State 77-65 but was shaken 96-81 by St. Bonaventure. "This was the best game we've had all year," said Bonnie Coach Larry Weir. "They shot us through the grease." Huskie Coach Tom Jorgensen agreed.

Temple had to labor to beat Drexel 53-46 but dumped LaSalle 67-56 as the Explorers went 9-0 without a basket and missed 19 straight shots.

1. PENN (14-2) 2. PROVIDENCE (14-3)



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For two years Dubby Holt was the swimming coach at Idaho State. Now there is nothing unique about that: the world is full of swimming coaches. What made Dubby different is that he can't swim. The day Idaho State completed a 9 and 1 season, the team threw Dubby in the pool. At the shallow end. When ISU needed a boxing coach, Dubby was the man. He had never been in a ring in his life. His teams won NCAA boxing championships in 1953 and 1957. "I was hired as the assistant football and head track coach, but I got all those other jobs like a game of tag," Dubby says. "Some guy kept pointing his finger at me and saying, 'Dubby, you're it.'"

Track was something else. The conference used to mail Dubby the championship trophy before the season. In 18 years he won 13 titles. But this was his sport. He was a 9.5 sprinter for Fresno State. And for Idaho State. And for Idaho. "Dubby is the only guy who ever competed in 10 NCAA outdoor championships," says Dr. William E. Davis, Idaho State's president. "Finally they got tired of looking at him and declared him ineligible in 1941. Just when he had scholarships lined up at USC. And Kansas. And Alabama."

And so in 1965, when Dubby calmly announced that he was thinking of building a miniature Astrodome in Pocatello (pop. 40,000), nobody was awfully startled. "I knew he was a genius," says Dr. Davis. "Now I figured he was also out of his tree."

Dubby, who by this time was ISU's athletic director, was also by this time unmountable. "Doc," he said to Dr. Davis, "we've got a stadium that looks like it was unearthed with some Indian relics. With our weather, anybody who goes to a game there should give up drinking. We're spending \$100,000 a year on football and taking in \$20,000. And our gym. We can't have a basketball doubleheader because the place won't hold that many people. Either we make a move or we should get out of the athletic business."

Once the football coach at the University of Colorado, Dr. Davis is sports-minded. Also, he can subtract \$20,000 from \$100,000.

Last weekend, just before the start of the Bennion Games, an invitational track meet in ISU's \$2.8 million Mini-Dome,

Maxi-feats, Mini-Dome

Eleven world records have been broken or tied out in Pocatello

Dubby said, "When the president went for my idea, everybody thought he was a little wacky, too."

And so while Dr. Davis set off in search of money, Dubby began conferring with an architect. Dubby got his plans: Dr. Davis got the money—from the 9,000-strong Idaho State student body, which had dubbed Dubby's dream house the "Half-Astrodome." The money would come from a bond issue but it would have to be repaid from student fees, and the students would have to approve the plan in a referendum. Dr. Davis gave it to them in a package: if they would agree to a \$20-per-semester hike in fees, he would put \$7.50 of it in a scholarship fund. "I'll buy it," said 59% of the student body.

Wanting the complete facility and deciding it was time Idaho discovered indoor track, Dubby called Pro-West, a New Mexico firm that makes superfast indoor surfaces. "I've only got \$30,000, can you build me a track?" said Dubby. "No," said Pro-West. But a few days later a company official called back. "You let us put the track in during the winter and we'll do it," he said. "Usually we lay off our people then but we want to keep them working." And so Dubby got his track: a 220-yard oval plus a 140-yard straightaway. It came in 101 sections of four-by-eight-foot plywood, and Dubby had it stored in an old warehouse. When Dr. Davis saw the pile of lumber, he shuddered. "Dubby," he said, "what in God's name have you bought?" Dubby told him not to worry. The Mini-Dome would have 12,000 permanent seats, and he would guarantee Saturday night sellouts. "What the heck," he said, "what else can you do in Pocatello on a Saturday night?"

Construction began in September of 1968, and the dome was finished in time

for the spring football game of 1970. Shaped like a swollen Quonset hut, covering 3½ acres and with its ceiling 108 feet above the ground at its highest point (compared to the Astrodome's 208 feet), the Mini-Dome drew 8,000 fans to the spring game. "They came out to see if the place was going to fall down," Dubby says. Since then, ISU has had crowds of 8,000 for track, 12,000 to 14,000 for football (against 3,500 to 4,000 in the good cold outdoor doors), and as many as 18,000 for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Selling football, basketball and the *Hallelujah Chorus* was easy. Track was something else. Until the Mini-Dome rose, ISU had never drawn more than 300 fans to an outdoor meet, and the nearest indoor board tracks were in Portland, 500 miles to the west, and in Kansas City, 1,000 miles to the east.

"These people didn't know a 3:58 mile from a 4:58 mile," says Dubby. "The most discouraging thing in the world is to be a track coach in Idaho. We had to educate them."

While being educated, people can watch track meets in the Mini-Dome for \$2 apiece. Or they can pay \$5 for a family ticket and bring six people. It's a steal. In the first seven meets, 11 world records were either tied or broken. It must be admitted that these include such exotica as the 120-yard high hurdles, the steeplechase without the water jump and the 880-yard relay, events very rarely, if ever, run under a roof beyond the city limits of Pocatello.

"While we are educating our fans, we are also spoiling them," Dubby says. "They are still learning, but if they know all about world records. And if they don't get one, they get mad."

Last Saturday night, Al Feuerbach, the mustachioed shotputter from San Jose, didn't let them down. While winning his seventh straight meet, he put the shot 69' 4¾", shattering his own indoor world mark of 68' 11".

"I'm glad he wanted for the Mini-Dome to do that," said Mrs. Ed Cavanaugh, the wife of ISU's football coach and one of the 7,000 fans who saw Feuerbach's mighty heave. "I really love this place. And you know what I love about it, as a football coach's wife, I mean? I can go to a game and I can be warm. I mean really warm. God bless Dubby."

END

A Wishbone of contention

The pros play a great game, or so Pete Rozelle keeps on saying, but others find it overcautious, hidebound, monotonous and dull, dull, dull

The Washington Redskins had the right perspective on last week's pro football draft. They traded away their first seven choices, and when they finally picked a player, in the eighth round, he was a 28-year-old ex-marine who had spent two years with the Montreal Alouettes. As one veteran scout said, "This was the worst group of college football players in memory."

Still, the clubs took the draft seriously, perhaps too much so. In the second round, Oakland had acquired the New York Jets' choice. When that pick was just seven selections away, the Raiders traded it and another to New Orleans for the Saints' earlier second-round position. The Saints brooded over their acquisition for 11 of the 15 minutes allotted each choice, then dealt it to Dallas. By this circuitous route the Cowboys were able to snap up John Babinetz, a Villanova linebacker.

John who? Well, whoever he is, he was drafted before Heisman Trophy winner Pat Sullivan; Ed Marinaro, the NCAA's all-time rushing leader; Lydell Mitchell, the NCAA record holder for most touchdowns in a season; Oklahoma's celebrated Wishbone quarterback, Jack Mildren, Alabama's Italian Stallion, Johnny Musso and a lot of other people who made offense the name of the college game in 1971.

Up where the money is, defense continued to make inroads, the first two picks in this year's draft were defensive linemen—Walt Patulski of Notre Dame and Sherman White of California. Once upon a time, the best athletes played offense—offensive players got paid more. Then stars like Mel Renfro began appearing in defensive backfields, and the trend reversed itself. Today, more frequently than not, the best athletes wind up on defense, the premier signing war and rich TV contracts having brought defensive salaries in line.

Lately the draft has made such a mockery of All-America teams that one has

a right to wonder if the pros and collegians play the same game. In three years at Toledo, Chuck Ealey quarterbacked the Rockets to 35 straight wins. He was named to the AP and UPI All-America squads. The pros passed him by for dudes like Cephus Weatherspoon and Hosea Minnieweather. But now here was the difference between pro and college more evident than in the cases of Mildren and Texas' Eddie Phillips. Both had been outstanding at running the all-but-unstoppable new offense, the Wishbone T. Both were drafted as defensive backs, Mildren in the second round by Baltimore, Phillips in the fourth by L.A.

How come? After all, some pro teams, most notably Detroit and New Orleans, ran a few option plays last season. Yet pure triple-option Wishbone was never tried, and the reasons why illuminate some of the dissimilarities between the two games. Most important, the strength of the pro defenses demands a balanced attack. "The triple option is not a good passing formation because you can only get two receivers downfield in a hurry," explains Ohio State's Woody Hayes. Sid Gillman, who formerly coached the San Diego Chargers, elaborates: "If you spread the ends on both sides with three backs intact, you have no running. If the outside ends are in tight, you have running and no passing. That puts you back in the dark ages." "Besides," asks Green Bay's Don Devine, a bit slyly, "if you have a four-back offense, what do you do with all the flankers you've drafted as wide receivers?"

More than that, most coaches feel the Wishbone can only work if the entire system is installed; at the same time they claim that that would take up too much time, unless it was the only formation you were going to use.

Another putative drawback is that after getting clobbered on every play by 269-pound defensive ends, pro quarterbacks wouldn't last as long as pro running backs, whose careers are distressing-

ly short. Says Gillman: "A coach spends day and night his whole life getting a quarterback so he can play pro football. Then if he expulses him to option football promiscuously, he has got to be out of his mind." But, Sid, the quarterbacks entering the pros these days are bigger, are better athletes and have run more in college. At least two coaches have indicated that they intend to employ the same sort of option Buddy Parker used with Bobby Layne at Detroit in which a guard pulled in front of him for protection. And in situations where the defense expects a run, something similar to a Wishbone will likely appear. "The Wishbone is almost unfair to the defense down near the goal line because of the demand it puts on the linebacker," says Bill Peterson, who has recently moved from Rice to the Houston Oilers.

Some proponents of the option offense think it just a matter of time before it dominates the pro game; after all, it was not too many seasons ago that the pros were saying they could never use the zone defense. Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' personnel director, has indicated that the pros will draft Wishbone quarterbacks as specialists to use inside the 10-yard line. "Until the pros use the option the way the colleges do, they just don't know what they're talking about," argues the University of Houston's Bill Yeoman. "I'm not saying that sarcastically, just technically. They won't find out the pressures the option play puts on defenses until they start running it themselves. When they do, everyone will be running it."

Essential differences between the pro and college games prevent them from progressing simultaneously. College offenses are far ahead of the defenses, which accounts for bigger scores and creates the impression of a faster-paced, more exciting game. Last year's Oklahoma-Kansas State contest is a perfect example. Kansas State did everything it could hope to do on offense. It scored 28 points, got 32 first downs and rolled up 562 yards—and lost by 47 points. "There are more mismatches in college ball," says Atlanta's Norm Van Brocklin. "When there are mismatches, you score." You also get off more long runs, still football's most exciting play. This past season Greg Pruitt of Oklahoma ran for 40 or more yards more times than all the backs in each of three NFL divisions.



THE ONLY RUNNING JACK MILDREN WILL DO IN THE PROS IS WITH INTERCEPTIONS

At the same time, scoring in the pros has been steadily decreasing, although that popular scapegoat, the zone defense, is not to blame. But while point totals are down, the actual number of scores is not. The reason is that there are fewer touchdowns but many more field goals, which must be disturbing to product-conscious NFL brass since the field-goal play is a yawner. Something's wrong when a Garo Yepremian, no matter how cuddly, leads the NFL in scoring. Indeed, the league is contemplating moving the goalposts to the back of the end zones, where the colleges have them.

That the college game is faster paced is more than just appearance, though, principally because the colleges have five less seconds to put the ball in play and the clock is stopped after each first down, which allows for 20 or 30 more plays a game. "In college we put it in play in 25 seconds," says USC's John McKay. "I know that we get it in play most of the time in 17 seconds. I have to think that sometimes in pro ball the 30 seconds isn't enforced too closely. Some of those receivers are taking two months walking back to the huddle. I don't see why a well-conditioned athlete has to walk." Calling signals takes more time and is more complex in the NFL, too. Pro quarterbacks usually spell out block-

ing assignments in the huddle, although Bill Peterson says, "I don't see any advantage to it" and claims he will do away with that extravagance.

The pro game also suffers from conformity, which can only partially be attributed to balanced competition. Pro coaches like to think of themselves as great innovators, but as Jim Lee Howell, the former Giant coach, points out, "Coaches exchange ideas more than anyone." He ought to know. Personnel connected with Giant teams in the '50s spread the New York system throughout the league. Howell's players included Dick Nolan, Ed Hughes, Bill Austin, Harland Sware and Alex Webster. His two main assistants were Tom Landry and Vince Lombardi, and the latter taught the system to Tom Fears and Norb Hecker, who took it to New Orleans and Atlanta. "A few years back every club was identical," says McKay. "Only the jerseys were different."

Bob Devaney of Nebraska finds the pro game increasingly dull. "The scoring is much lower, and they play more ball control than the colleges," he says. "There is so much stress on defense and playing the game without mistakes or turnovers. There is obvious overcautiousness." Hank Stram of Kansas City admits the problem exists: "The more

you win, the more you're afraid of losing. You begin to play with the fear of losing rather than the desire to win. You grow too afraid of making mistakes because that's the name of the game."

By its very nature, the college game is forced to be imaginative. College coaches have far less control over their personnel and hence must constantly reshape strategy to fit it. "The colleges have done almost everything first—the T, the wing T, the belly series," says Tommy Prothro, who has coached on both sides of the fence. "There isn't anything totally new I know of in football." By way of example, Prothro tells of the high school coach who showed him the Wishbone in a 1927 playbook. Nor is the fact that a formation is used by the pros any sign of merit. "Some people say that if it's not being done in the pros, it's no good," says Texas' Darrell Royal. "Bull! That's just the easiest out when people don't want to try something new. You can do about anything you're man enough to do."

But if strategy won't open the game up, Prothro and McKay think they know a way that will. "The field is not as big today as it was 20 years ago," says Prothro, "by the simple fact that the players are bigger. The field should be widened." "Put the hash mark in the middle," says McKay. "You can accomplish the same thing as widening the field, and all you need is a little time. Putting the ball in the middle of the field eliminates defensive control of the zone."

For all its concern for the offense, the NFL is probably not ready for that big a change. Why mess with success? Despite its shortcomings the pro game's appeal has continued to grow. As Woody Hayes says, "An awful lot of people don't go to college, you know, and so they don't have old college ties. They gravitate to a pro team then, and it becomes their alma mater." But Hayes also recognizes superior public relations on the part of the pros, what McKay calls "the greatest selling job in the history of any sport." Bill Yeoman agrees that the pros have created a mystique about their game. "They never credit bungling or incompetence," he says. "An 0-0 game is a superb defensive struggle. A 43-37 contest is a magnificent offensive duel. They're great propagandists."

They had better be to glamorize clinkers like the last two Super Bowls. **END**

Trotting out the sport's lord and lady

The French consider their horses a noble race, individuals with almost human qualities, and none is more distinguished than the stallion and mare who put their titles on the line in the classic Prix d'Amérique

Among the indoor pleasures available to the frostbitten people of Paris last week was a French film called *Lucky Luke*. It deals with a cowboy hero and his scrapes with a most unusual Dalton Gang consisting of four brothers: Joe, William, Jack and, yep, Averell. One day Joe, the smallest and meanest Dalton, bellies up to a bar in a Western town and growls for whiskey. He takes a swallow and, as a look of contentment spreads over his ugly mug, he utters words heard nowhere on earth but in

the French Far West: "*Pas mal!*" At this, a couple of Americans munching Esquimaux Pies in an uptown Paris theater were convulsed with laughter, although a French friend couldn't see anything funny about it.

Parisians were equally serious about another kind of horse opera in their town last week, and there they were more at home. This was the \$140,000 Prix d'Amérique—the biggest trotting race in Europe and, to Frenchmen, in the world.

The racetrack at Vincennes, on the

eastern side of the city, is unique, with enough dips and accents to make an American trotter *saisack*. The French way of looking at horses is something special, too. Horses are discussed not merely as animals with a certain form and breeding but as individuals with subtle human qualities. This year the talk was heated, for the Prix d'Amérique promised to be a duel between the best and richest pair of trotters in Europe. One, Tidalium Pelo, is a 9-year-old stallion; the other, Une de Mai, an 8-year-old mare. In Paris you just don't refer to these beloved old folks as the Three Horse and the Nane Horse, New York style. A certain refinement, a sweet concern, is indicated.

So it was fitting that in his final story in *Le Journal du Dimanche* the morning of the race, Newsman Maurice Bernardet confessed to a "*grande perplexité*." It seems that Bernardet's heart went out to Une de Mai because she had won \$144 million and just about all the world's great races (including two U.S. Internationals), but she had failed to win the hometown classic. But Bernardet's pick in the Prix d'Amérique was Tidalium Pelo, the defending champion and winner of \$743,250. Tidalium was at the "*apogée*" of his form. He also had a better post position, No. 3, in the nine-horse field. Une de Mai had drawn the extreme outside. A starting gate would be used, a novelty at Vincennes where walk-up starts are traditional, and this made post positions considerably more important than usual.

At Grosbois, the lush training establishment near Paris, the drivers of the superhorses had glowing words to say about them. Jean Mary, Tidalium's man, is short and blocky with a Dick Tracy jaw and smiling eyes. Showing off Tidalium—a tall horse, entirely black except for a small star on the forehead,

continued



JUST ONE OF THE BOYS, Tidalium Pelo over- sees the victory celebration and receives a toast.

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HARNESS RACING continued

calm and glistening—Mary said. "Here he looks like a 50-year-old man, but on the track he has the spirit of a 20-year-old." As Mary's wife Chantal served branded coffee against the morning's chill, he thought a moment and then tried to put into words the depth of his affection: "This horse is an *seigneur*. He is a lord."

And what of Une de Mai? Down the way at his compound, Jean-Rene Gougeon, the man who makes the mare go, spoke of her vivacity, her frolicsome nature. And, indeed, in her stall the leggy chestnut made a move as if to bite the hand that patting her. Gougeon, who had color in his cheeks from working horses that day morning, sipped Scotch neat and spoke of his "little miss" and the hope in his heart that she would win the Prix at last.

Waxing eloquent for the newspaper *France-Sov*, Gougeon "in a tender voice" saluted Une de Mai's *fidélité* and *discreet*. He recalled that he had driven Roquépine, the champion mare of another generation. Roquépine, he said, was like a *grande coquette*, fiery, explosive. "In suits," he went on, "in the two we have Mademoiselle de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan." For horseplayers who might be confused, both these ladies were mistresses of Louis XIV.

On race day it snowed through the morning and into early afternoon, graying the track a Christmas look and the 30,000 spectators cold feet. Refuge in the second-best restaurant at the track (No. 1 had been booked for weeks) proved to be pleasant but expensive. "If I could eat at only one restaurant in Paris and had a purseful of money," the author of a famous cookbook had said, "it would be Lasserre." Tip to travelers: Vincennes is no Lasserre, but take a purseful, anyway. At, shall we say, Avis, the track's No. 2 dining room, the curried chicken with white cost \$20 a head. *Le bon Dieu* knows what the bill would have been at Hertz. By post time the snow had stopped, harrows had dragged the track, and its normal cinder color returned. Vincennes' single concession to pomp was to parade the starters in front of the stands. One could see where they would race but, without something like the telescope of Mt. Palomar, not very clearly. The course began near Reims or thereabouts and rose on a line perpendicular to the stands, swung

left and down past the stands, then headed in the direction of Strasbourg, curved, went uphill along the backstretch, turned again and rejoined the route past the stands. The distance was said to be the traditional 2,600 meters (a little over 1½ miles), but to eyes accustomed to bandbox U.S. raceways, it seemed twice that. All the starters were French except for one—Italian-owned, American-bred, Keystone Spartan, who had an early moment on the lead but faltered and eventually finished last.

It was nice of Jean Mary to put white bandages on Tidalium Polo's forelegs because they made him visible to the naked, straining eye. He trotted easily behind the leaders down around the "clubhouse" turn and up the backstretch. Une de Mai was being saved for the final effort and was racing in midfield.

Suddenly, in the last turn, Gougeon and Une de Mai were hit with a perplexity grander than anything in Maurice Bernardet's lexicon. From the stands all that could be seen was Tidalium shooting ahead as if from a cannon, while Une de Mai and a horse named Vismie took back as if they had been gunned down by *Levi Daltner*. Tidalium went on to win by four lengths, the mare finishing seventh.

As Gougeon jogged Une de Mai back up the stretch the spectators booed him, not knowing that in the fatal turn Vismie, trotting on the rail in the lead with Une de Mai just behind and a bit outside, had gone into a break. When Driver François Ballière pulled back to settle down Vismie, she swerved to the right. Gougeon reined in Une de Mai sharply to avoid hooking wheels with Vismie's sulky, and that was that. Tidalium Polo, scot-free on the outside, laughed it home. The champion mare had missed the big one once again.

Mary wore a huge grin as they draped a incolor blanket over his horse, while spectators cheered "Tee-dal-yum-Tee-dal-yum."

In the drivers' room Gougeon sadly ran a hand through his thinning gray hair and said, "*Je suis désolé*." A sentimental American was feeling a little desolate, too, but was consoled by the thought that he probably would see Une de Mai once more in the International at New York's Roosevelt Raceway come July. And if the track restaurant there charges \$20 for corned beef and cabbage, he'll eat his hat instead. **END**

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CONTINUED



For a century
Yellowstone
has endured as
a natural wonder,
yet the
public sees only
a hint
of her splendor

by Jim Harrison

Yellowstone is indisputably America's No. 1 travel cliché. But this doesn't seem to diminish her magnificence. One would have to be fabulously jaundiced not to be overwhelmed, assuming that time is taken to walk at least a quarter of a mile away from the traffic arteries that carve her into seven pieces. If you do not do that, and sad to say not very many people do, you come away having seen only a very frayed rendition of the real park, like hearing a high school band of no distinction whatever play Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Of course this rendition is acceptable to some, perhaps most. It is still vaguely Beethoven. Enjoyable, a catchy tune. But if you walk that minimal quarter of a mile you gain a sense of splendor; before you is a mountain vastness not diminished since Jim Bridger or John Colter or the Indians hundreds of years before Bridger and Colter. You will lose your giggling sense that "everything" is spoiled. For as long as you want to stay you won't have to think of the word ecology in its negative sense, a natural chain we have inordinately violated. Yellowstone is 95% wilderness. It is possible to be justly and intensely critical of what we have done to the remaining 5%, but other than this minuscule lump or series of lumps of land, the park is still out there, awesome and unsmiled.

In mid-July, driving, say from Gardiner at the historic north entrance to Old Faithful, can be vexing beyond belief. Traffic jams? Willfred and Myrna and the kids have stopped to feed a black bear a Hostess Twinkie. They think it might be old Smokey himself and half expect that abortive quavering bantone that warns us against carelessness with matches. Traffic backs up for a mile. Horns beep, and throughout the line there is a certain seepage of adrenalin. Whining children are clouted about head and shoulders, and dad's lips curl in anger. Even though the maximum speed

limit is 45, a safe margin for the twisting roads and animal life, no one wants a traffic jam when he's looking at Nature. The upcoming sights will partially heal the tempers. When you reach Old Faithful you can have a Coke at the lodge, surely one of the most incredible pieces of American architecture. And then you can go out and stand on the boardwalk behind a string of girls in hot pants and wait for the geyser to erupt. When Old Faithful goes off (every 35 to 90 minutes) the roar of water is accompanied by the clacking shutters of a thousand Instamatics. Deafening. It would be even more wonderful if you didn't have to go out into that hot parking lot and get back in the car. But the Upper Falls way over at the canyon are next on the itinerary.

We got up before dawn and drove in Chico's pickup down through the park and out through West Yellowstone, across the Henry's Fork to Ashton, Idaho, where we doubled back east on a small road through the Targhee National Forest into the southwest corner of Yellowstone. There were four of us uncomfortably stuffed into the front seat as Lemuth, who had been dozing in the camper, claimed he was quickly dying from an exhaust leak. He did look a trifle pale, and Chico admitted to bad mufflers. We wanted to enter the park near the Bechler Ranger Station and hike in about six miles, where we would meet the Bechler River, then move along the river until we found good fishing. The night before, when the equipment and food was divided up, I had felt very unsure of myself. Any backcountry trip is strong medicine, though this notion is scorned by those who do it often. Both Lemuth and McGuane will take off alone into the woods, sometimes for days on end. But when I am alone in some comparative wilderness area I have often fallen into an utter, petulant sort of lone-

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liness. A near hysteria over the non-human silence. No arrangements have been made for me! One can get lost enough on a 100-acre woodlot to panic, let alone the 3,500 square miles of Yellowstone. Teddy Roosevelt, in some respects the father of the national-park system, once said that you don't really know a man until you have camped with him. This bit of information is posted on the wall at Charley O's bar and restaurant in New York City, a place I immoderately longed for while stuffing my pack with the rather arcane-looking equipment.

It is a matter of supreme irritation to find out that the most pressing problems in the park now are litter and traffic. Looming rather large behind is the general controversy in conservation circles between the hyperthyroid protectionists and those who favor "land use," a concept that has served so often as a euphemism for land abuse. The point is really that the flora and fauna can't talk other than in very subtle ways and must be defended. The original intent in making Yellowstone our first national park back in 1872 was to maintain the area in a "pristine" condition for the enjoyment of the people, to protect and preserve the area as it was found. The irony in the notion of enjoyment and preservation has been continuously evident, but never so much as in recent years. One grievously feels that the intent in administering the park should be to allow as many people to enjoy the park in such a way that it is not overwhelmed and becomes no longer a park but a geographical extension of society's ills: waste, traffic, overcrowding, the destruction of the environment.

Some of the lesser problems are more immediately fascinating. How does the staff of rangers protect the people from their aggressive stupidities toward the animals? In the 100-year history of the park only four deaths may be attributed to animals. This is an absolute triumph of brute patience if one thinks of the endless ways the animals are harmed and abused. Extreme cases are the rule: parents spread jam on a child's face to get a photo of a bear licking the jam off, another photographing father attempts to put his daughter piggyback on a bear; a man coaxes a bear into the front seat

of the car with his wife, again for a picture; and early in this century a death was the result of a quaint tourist poking a treed grizzly cub with the point of his umbrella.

In June of last year a park visitor from Spokane, Marvin Schrader, was taking snapshots of his wife, using as a backdrop a prone bull bison. Then

Schrader attempted to walk around close behind the bison for reasons that will remain unknown. The animal charged, knocking Schrader through the air for a good distance, a horn catching him in the abdomen and disemboweling him. The signs, plus the warnings in the park literature handed out at every entrance, make it hard to understand how this pa-





thetic accident could happen. Nearly every fisherman or hunter knows that you don't walk up and kick a domestic bull or walk between a range cow and her calf, let alone treat truly wild creatures this way. But people who wouldn't dream of trying to pet a stray German shepherd or a Doberman don't hesitate to try it with a bear.

Recently there has been a controversy of some magnitude over the grizzly management program at Yellowstone. Within the last three years most of the dumps have been removed or sanitized in favor of incinerators in the hope of weaning bears away from garbage and back to natural food. In 1970 a dozen grizzlies had to be destroyed and eight were

shipped to zoos, a tragic 10% of the total number in the park. John and Frank Craighead, the well-publicized grizzly experts, have been extremely critical of the program and have gained support in the press. Glen Cole, who is the resident research biologist at Yellowstone and appears no less brilliant than the Craigheads, has insisted the plan will work in time. It seems it might, and after a relatively short interval. Last year the rangers had to destroy only six grizzlies, and none were sent to city zoos.

It is important to understand that the number of people who are injured by grizzlies is statistically insignificant; the odds running around one million visitors per single injury for the past 40 years. But a certain wild-eyed melodrama gathers around any incident where an animal injures a human, whether it is a bear, elk or bison, and no matter how explicable the situation. Wolves have been much maligned despite the fact that there is not a single validated case in the history of the United States of a wolf attacking a human. The park has an estimated 15 wolves within its boundaries. For a while it was thought that these animals were extinct in Yellowstone, which would be understandable in that 134 were killed between 1916 and 1926 in a misguided predator-control program.

Finally, now that the bears seem to have returned to natural feeding habits, one would prefer to have visitors told to "proceed at your own risk" rather than killing any more of the dwindling number of grizzlies. One senses a great distaste on the part of the rangers and naturalists for kulling anything; each troublesome bear has a "rap" sheet and is given several chances. But this in itself doesn't seem fair in a place specifically set aside for the bear to be a "natural" beast. Despite all of its inherent drama, this is one of the least of the problems in running Yellowstone in 1972.

We helped each other strap on the packs and started out immediately using our encased fly rods as walking sticks. I had been given the lightest pack, about 35 pounds, in deference to my shabby physical appearance. I admit to overemphasizing health difficulties. Within the first mile or so I managed to sweat through several layers of clothing and deeply re-

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gretted my succession of nightcups the evening before. McGuane was leading at what is best described as a dogtrot. He wanted to go fishing. After another mile of physical torment I gathered courage and shrieked, "Slow down!" This tactic worked momentarily, but then the pace quickened again. Fake a fall, I thought to myself, and cover your body with catsup as if wounded on a field of battle. No handy catsup. "My feet hurt," I yelled, and they stopped. My feet actually did hurt. I was sure my right heel had turned to grape jelly and gristle. The three of them stood there impatiently as I applied medication and a bandage.

I tried to light a cigarette, but my matches were wet with sweat. Chico offered me some raisins. Raisins! Later when we made camp I discovered that we had walked the first six miles in less than an hour and a half, sort of a hideous Grand Prix of hiking. My legs trembled involuntarily, but I was happy. With the pack off my back I felt I could jump lodgepole pines with a single bound. We ate some rotten-tasting dehydrated stew quickly and headed for the river, Chico and Lemuth upstream, and McGuane and I a mile farther down.

Walking to the river in silence I thought of some of the grizzly stories

the rangers had told me in the past few days and felt a slight tightening of the spine. But bears are seen infrequently in this area, and only three people in the history of Yellowstone have been injured while backpacking. Grizzlies are so implacably grand and can run as fast as a racehorse for a few hundred yards. Silvertip overtakes Canonero on the first turn. In a Glen Cole monograph there is a description of how a grizzly takes an elk, jumping up against the elk's hind-quarters until the legs buckle, then to the nape which it shakes like a terrier, down to the stomach which is torn open. Mostly the older or infirm elk are taken, and it keeps the herd clean. Like Cyrano, I would parry and thrust with my three-ounce fly rod. You are much more likely to be struck by lightning, but then, after all, I know three people who have been struck by lightning.

We walked through a mucky swale and another half mile over a ridge, picking our way over fallen trees. There was the river, and so much larger than I had expected. In Michigan it would be one of the biggest, with numerous pop cans strewn on the bottom and a steady obnoxious flow of boiling cancoists. Here there was only a green quietness and water that was very cold and eerily crystalline, so clear in fact that it was difficult for me when wading to judge the depth. The tops of my cheap lightweight waders were immediately a foot shy of the surface, and the wrong way. Ouch.

Tired legs were benumbed but soon forgotten as fish rose to a hatch of small white moths. I flogged away for an hour with nothing grand to my credit, then walked along the bank on a game trail for a mile, looking down into each pool. It was all so strangely beautiful that I had lost my violent desire to fish. Where were all the tourists? Around a bend McGuane was casting to a rising fish, and the scene looked like some ultrarealist 19th century sporting painting done all in primary colors. We talked for a while but were interrupted by an osprey that appeared directly overhead. Then another, perhaps the mate, joined the first, and they wheeled above us with cries that were nearly human. We assumed they were warning us away from their nest as they were no higher than the treetops, which is a rare lack of distance for a bird of

continued



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We decided to leave them in peace and moved off upstream to where the Bechler is joined by Boundary Creek. We took a number of fish, and I gradually became uncomfortable with the darkening sky and woods. There was no sense of fear, but I had a total feeling of "not belonging." Only a few days before, I had experienced the same sensation at a Crow Indian powwow well after midnight with few white people around when the dancing had become what we wrongly call "frenzied" and I felt I had no act that I could commit with an equal cultural validity. No chance. People think they love the wilderness but very few of them do at close range. We walked back to camp in the gathering dark through rough clots of saw grass and small swamps that were sweet to the nose. I asked McGuane if he felt genetically at home in this bog. Then we saw from the edge of the Bech-

ler meadows three great blue herons moving along in flight very low, three or four feet above the grass with somnambulant movements of their vast wings. They didn't appear distressed that we were there. It seemed only they had someplace to go.

Yellowstone's centennial is a good time in history for those who direct the National Park Service to count their options, and it appears they are doing so. You won't meet a single administrator at Yellowstone who favors any more development of the area. Short bypasses have been built or are being built around Old Faithful, West Thumb and Lake Village, but these are already tremendously overdeveloped locales, and the building of the bypasses only simplifies a traffic problem. One would prefer to see a council of naturalists with veto power over any development for safety's sake. They seem to be less lenient with the public, less in favor of the constant balancing

act that is required to please the body politic. Enough balancing has been done at this point to last out this century and all of the next if there is to be one, now we need to go overboard in the direction of hardline checks. It is not very amusing to find out that a great battle was fought by the protectionists in the past to keep the railroads out of the park, and those poor souls didn't even use the word ecology. A few railroads now would be a blessed thing as a substitute for cars. Intelligent public sentiment is building to the extent that any additions to Yellowstone's 300-mile road system would be little short of a justification for sabotage.

Something very much on the plus side at Yellowstone is the apparent quality of the professional personnel. Everyone has been stuffed to the gills with bad experiences with civil servants. This is not the case at Yellowstone, whether with ranger or naturalist or administrator. Everyone is so straightforward and healthy-

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looking and almost jolly that it is easy to forget other, more careworn Government employees. One finds little buck passing, and actual mistakes on the management level are admitted; these people simply have a charming sort of zeal for what they are doing. Vernon Hennessey, who is one of Superintendent Jack Anderson's assistants, is a good example. Now in his early 40s, Hennessey has been with the park service in six different states. Enduring this kind of transferring without the profit motive available in other lines of work is admirable. Of course, in the urbanized '70s a national park would be a splendid place to live.

Another plus factor is the proposed Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness Area, which would abut much of the park's northern and eastern borders and would provide a fine ecological buffer zone. (It would also wipe out some 1680 poison stations not far from park bound-

aries which, unfortunately, bears and wolves and eagles aren't aware of as legal barriers.) But passage is at best uncertain due to the rather usual developer-miner-rancher power combination. The tourist industry in the Rockies is surprisingly not very vocal. Such an area would certainly insure prosperity in decades to come as other less protected and developed areas in the country become inevitably less beautiful.

But back to the traffic, the single most boggling problem. What to do with it? It is not in our nature to unbuild roads. Couldn't we make an exception for a national park? Whatever else it does, a car exercises in its structure total environment control. And the most eager vehicular tourist becomes bored with mere scenery. That we are not a nation of walkers is not less true for being so blatantly obvious. It is here that one begins to doubt some of the promotional

ambitions of the National Park Service and its commercial adjunct in the park, the Yellowstone Company. The park simply cannot continue to endure the drive-through-in-half-a-day visitors, a group that represents 53% of the 2.5 million people who visit the park annually. Looking over a map, one speculates on which of the five entrances could be closed to discourage this traffic that is only trying to get someplace else in a hurry, perhaps down to the Tetons for an hour, then to Estes Park for another hour, then a quick 300-mile swing over to the Black Hills. And at last to rest for a full week at Uncle Tod's Flamingo Spa & Bombazine Snake and Curo Palace. Overheard at Mammoth Hot Springs was the head of a large family from St. Louis saying "the little ones and the wife" were disappointed not to see any animals "to speak of" and they all were heading right on up to Glacier



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(six hours away) to try their "luck." This can be translated into "We didn't see any bears along the road's shoulder, so we're getting the hell out of here." None of Yellowstone's literature should be permitted to emphasize this roadside or drive-in zoo aspect, however underplayed. We have to get away from the car seat as a couch and the car windows as the television, a dimensionless screen on which wonders are expected to take place in quick succession. In cars people only "see" to the exclusion of the other four senses.

There is another troublesome cliché that all American vacationists are morons. An amazing number of Yellowstone visitors attend the lectures and take the modest nature walks. Here is where one finds the ardent partisans of Yellowstone, the army of repeaters who return year after year, the unhurried ones. Something should be done to protect

them from the irritations caused by that other half, the frenetic voyeurs. But still a great amount of the park is largely unseen except by the ambitious backpackers, the rangers and the naturalists. Maybe this isn't a bad thing in itself. Wilderness is mainly wilderness because it's hard to get to, rough to travel through, and the particularities of nature have to be known to enjoy it in any viable way. There is a secretive melancholy among those who love and know the wilderness. It is an experience like religious conversion that has to be undergone to be understood.

It is the radical, visionary ecologist Edward Abbey who seems to have the best idea to insure that our children's children will have places of beauty left to them: close the parks to public motor traffic. Let people walk or ride bicycles and horses. A few buses will be available for the elderly and infirm. Park

personnel in trucks can carry the camping equipment on ahead to the different sites. A quiet park without gas fumes or horns. A true retreat into natural wonder. And by this relatively simple act you enlarge the boundaries tenfold, for distance and space are functions of speed and time. Take the motorboats off Yellowstone Lake and it enlarges. Nearly everyone can row or ride a bike or a horse. Let people play cowboy since it looms anyway so large as a national myth. Surely the quantity of the visitors will drop, but the quality of the experience will increase immeasurably.

Any number of people would love this backcountry but have been put off by tales of crowds. But there are no people out here. You can strike out anywhere and by day's end you will long for some company. The roads are only very thin strips of civility. We ate a breakfast of

continued



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Yellowstone cinema

dehydrated eggs with hot-pepper sauce and set off for the day's fishing, walking upstream several miles to where the Bechler emerged from a faintly foreboding canyon. It was interesting though arduous fishing. The weather was as bright and clear as the water, and the fish were wary. Chico, with his manic intensity for fly fishing, was the most successful. Lemuth the purist insisted on using only dry flies. Some of my specialized lust for angling was stolen by the beauty around me. Several times I caught myself acting out John Colter in buckskins, one of the very first white men to see the area after he left Lewis and Clark out of curiosity for the territory to the south of that expedition's course. Some cartographers call the bare spots on the maps "sleeping beauties," and I knew I was surrounded by a splendid "nothing." Late in the afternoon McGuane and I hurried back to camp and ate a packet of chili, thinking the stew of the night before to be at best unfortunate. We had released all of our fish, knowing that a fly-caught fish has an excellent chance for survival. Lemuth and Chico had the sense to keep four. They were baked in foil with lemon and slices of onion. Around the small campfire the usual extended fibs about adventure and sex and fishing were rife.

We went to bed early, and though exhausted I had terminal insomnia: my civilized body is acclimated to staying up until three a.m. I again felt alternately a joy at being there and, as with all my wilderness trips, a vague paranoia about the dangers my imagination seemed to want to create. Are there rattlesnakes at this altitude? Outside the tent it was cold and dark, full of mad croaking noises. It is only the language of herons, and how can that be mad? Then if not mad, a noise strangest to the ear. I could almost see them out there in the black marsh calling out to the others, waiting for an answer, calling again. Once on the Escanaba River I called to a heron who flew so startlingly close his wing flaps were audible and his shadow crossed my fly line. "Didn't you see me?" He turned around upstream and came back, perching in a white pine across the river until some while later his curiosity was settled, and he flew away.

Animal noises. At Apollinaris Spring the other day a crowd with cameras ap-

proached a cow and calf and bull elk too closely. The bull lifted his neck and bugled, and there was a definite retreat by all, though perhaps he was only bugling for the pleasure of it. Twice in my life I've heard a mountain lion in the woods; the quality of the sound differs from that cougar in the car advertisement who sits on a hood or a block Styrofoam sign. A naturalist I know said he approached a feeding grizzly too closely, out of eagerness, and the warning sounded like a diesel truck revving up behind teeth.

I reached around in the dark for a bottle of codeine pills—a toothache had heated up the side of my face and it pulsed as if the tooth had a heartbeat of its own. Pain is usually a very shabby thing, but my mind was drawn elsewhere. I lay there thinking of the last desperate plunge of the Nez Percé Indians through the wilderness, and how they struggled to be free together like some giant tormented game fish. The Nez Percé had among them a small group of dreamers and mystics who held a doctrine that the Creative Power had made the earth with no marks or boundaries or unnatural divisions. No land could be owned, and submission to our Government was bad. They shared the general park area with the Crow and Blackfoot, the Bannock and Shoshone, plus the impoverished aborigines, the Tukwari. The land wasn't ours before we were the land's. Anyway, a little less than 100 years ago, after many of our grandfathers were born and the park was established by an act of Congress, the Nez Percé passed some 20 miles north of the Biecher in their doomed flight from the United States Cavalry. They happened to kill a few tourists in their passage—when we won it was a victory and when they won a battle it was called a massacre. All of this less than a century ago. Our truncated history. Chief Joseph worried about his children as any father might, and Looking Glass died from a stray bullet after the final battle was over. Samana, the Kiowa chief, committed suicide rather than remain imprisoned.

Maybe we do honor to the memory of such people only in our parks where we have left at least some of the land as it once was and as the Nez Percé dreamers wanted it: wild, untrammeled, free and communally owned.

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(2 record set)
Kings LP, 8TR, CASS



827 CHEP
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS



819 LORRETTA LYNN
You're Lookin' At Country
Coe LP, 8TR, CASS



152 DAVID GARDY
Christ
B&N LP, 8TR, CASS



833 THE WHO
Healy, Bealy, Big & Boney
Geeza LP, 8TR, CASS



883 ISAAC HAYES
SHAFT
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



769 PARTRIDGE FAMILY
100 To 300
B&N LP, 8TR, CASS



750 TCHAIKOVSKY
1212 Overline
Tosca LP, 8TR, CASS



212 JOHN RACE
CARRY IT ON
Original Soundtrack
Kings LP, 8TR, CASS



627 THE SHIMME WARRIORS
SHIMME STORY
(2 record set)
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



708 HANDEL
Water Music
Kings LP, 8TR, CASS



429 JIM & TINA TURNER
Soul Soul
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



386 ARNOLD NORTMAN
Wake Up, America!
B&N LP, 8TR, CASS



100 THREE ONE NIGHT
Carlin's Strips
Kings LP, 8TR, CASS



376 DAWN
Red LP, 8TR, CASS



243 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



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704 MOUNTAIN
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1. LARRY LORRETTA LYNN You're Lookin' At Country Coe LP, 8TR, CASS	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES
2. BOB MC LEAN American Pie Scept LP, 8TR, CASS	12	6	12	18	12	NO
3. LEO ZEPPELIN Adam LP, 8TR, CASS	\$49.75 to \$59.75	\$41.44 to \$47.94	\$59.75 to \$63.75	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94
4. JOHN DINEZ Heyed Ann... (2 record set) Kings LP, 8TR, CASS	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
5. CHEP Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
6. LORRETTA LYNN You're Lookin' At Country Coe LP, 8TR, CASS	\$49.75 to \$59.75	\$41.44 to \$47.94	\$59.75 to \$63.75	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94
7. DAVID GARDY Christ B&N LP, 8TR, CASS	\$49.75 to \$59.75	\$41.44 to \$47.94	\$59.75 to \$63.75	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94
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11. TCHAIKOVSKY 1212 Overline Tosca LP, 8TR, CASS	\$49.75 to \$59.75	\$41.44 to \$47.94	\$59.75 to \$63.75	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94
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17. RCA STEREO SYSTEMS BEST RECORDS Perla LP	\$49.75 to \$59.75	\$41.44 to \$47.94	\$59.75 to \$63.75	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94	\$49.44 to \$55.94
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043 FIDDLE ON THE
ROOF Original Sound
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



770 PARTRIDGE
FAMILY SOUND
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



810 NEIL DIAMOND
Gold
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



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Short Cut
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



370 JAMES TAYLOR &
Sally MacLennan
Love's Line
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



155 GRASS ROOTS
I've Got a Feeling
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



355 THE 101 STRINGS
Brother's Sister
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



040 JESUS CHRIST
SUPERSTAR
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



770 LAWRENCE OF
ARABIA Sound
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



045 THE NOTORIOUS
B.I.G. Ready to Die
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Steppenwolf
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



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I've Got a Feeling
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



355 THE 101 STRINGS
Brother's Sister
Tape LP, ETR, CASS



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Tape LP, ETR, CASS



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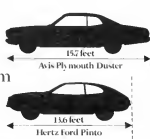
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 1-7

BASKETBALL—**NBA**: Los Angeles relied to a five-game win streak, with three more victories. In a 151-131 rout of Portland and the Lakers added six points in the last period and set a team field-goal mark of 60% as four players scored 22 or more points. What to know: With Chamberlain, in addition to scoring 27 points, grabbed 24 rebounds to break the NBA career record set by Bill Russell. As games with Wilt had 21 24 rebounds in 917 games in 12 years to Russell's 21 221 in 961 games in 13 years. Los Angeles came out of three over the Bucks with a 119-103 win as Jerry West scored in 23 points and Chamberlain pulled down 23 more rebounds, and efficiently rebounded as he shot Golden State had of making a game in the Pacific Division by beating the Warriors 100-96. The loss dropped Golden State, who were only one of four, 14 games out of first place. Milwaukee's leader Milwaukee, with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scoring 40 or more points three times, won its other four games, while Los Angeles' Boston streaked into a struggle with four more wins. Second-place New York, which has been winning consistently while waiting for Wilt, found it will have to wait till next year for his return. Reed, the Knicks' All-Star center, has been out since Nov. 11 with an ailing left knee. Baltimore, top in the ABA with a 26-7 record, dropped three, while second-place Atlanta lost two of three. In the Hawks' only win—70-57 over Cleveland—Pete Maravich posted 30 points.

AAU: The divisional teams featured fairly early as Kansas held its Mid-America lead over Virginia in the East and Utah picked up half a game more on Indiana. 45 games behind in the West, The Pacers blew their chance to gain ground on the Stars when they lost to their 82-110. Pittsburgh's John Bricker was high man for the work with 52 points in the Condors' 146-120 victory over Colorado, but Virginia's Charlie Scott, the league leader, was the most comprehensive point-maker. Scott scored 37 points against Indiana, 13 as the Raptors beat the New York, 49 in a second win over the Nets and 37 against the Floridians.

FOOTBALL—Three winners—Defender Bill WALT PATRICK, San Jose State (Berkeley), Deacon and Tackle SHIRMAN WHITE, of California (Irvine) and Offensive Tackle LIONEL ANTONIO (Chicago)—were the first three divisional All-Americans of 44 college players in New York (four 24). Some of the more prominent names of the 1971 college season were drafted in the first round, 4. Running Back Bobby Moore of Oregon (6, Louisville), No. 11, Quarterback Jerry Tager of Nebraska (Cotton Bowl), No. 1, Fullback Proton Harris of Penn State (Pittsburgh), No. 14, Quarterback John Riggins of Florida (Philadelphia), No. 19, Wide Receiver Terry Beasley of Auburn (San Francisco).

No. 23, Running Back Earl Cheney of Nebraska (Kansas City), No. 25, Defensive Back Tommy Covington of LSU (Cincinnati), No. 46, Quarterback Pat Sullivan, the Heisman Trophy winner from Michigan (Atlanta), No. 48, Quarterback Jack Minton of Oklahoma (Baltimore), No. 49, Running Back Lyle Mitchell of Penn State (Baltimore), No. 50, Running Back Earl Cheney of Cornell (Minneapolis), No. 52, Running Back John Morris of Alabama (Chicago), No. 75, Defensive Back Bobby Mann of Tennessee (Philadelphia), No. 93, Quarterback Eddie Phillips of Texas (Los Angeles).

HOCKEY—Boston doubled its East lead over New York from five to 10 points in a week's time when the Bruins won four, extending their winning streak to six and their undefeated string to 13 while the Rangers and Minnesota 1-1 and dropped into Boston's second period—and Minnesota 6-1 and edged Detroit 3-2. In the big game of the week the Bruins shut out the Rangers 2-0 as Gerry Cheevers locked away 36 shots and Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr scored within 105 seconds of each other in the third period. "The Rangers are dead," said Don Scott, center after the Bruins' fourth straight win over the Rangers. The victory moved the Bruins against New York to 68 games. In the West, Chicago, with two wins in three games, moved to a 10-point lead over Minnesota.

HORSE RACING—**WESTERN WELCOME** (39-80), Lufkin Prince up, took the \$25,000 San Francisco Handicap at Santa Anita by 15 1/2 lengths over favored Cougar II, ridden by Bill Shoemaker.

TRACK & FIELD—**AL FEUERBACH** put the shot 49' 4 1/2" at the Reggion Games in Pocatello, Idaho, to break his 1971 world indoor record by 3 1/2 (over 37). The right before, as the Coach's Indoor Meet in Fort Worth, 7' 2 1/2 inches beat Randy M. Sime for the fourth consecutive time with a 46' 5 1/2. **TOM VON RUDEN** also had impressive back-to-back victories. He topped in the season's first time in the mile at Fort Worth with a 3:37 1/2 in an eight-lap track to defeat Leonard Holmes, who was second in 3:38.6, and then won the 1,000 at Pocatello in 2:06.7. Three other best times of the season were registered at the games when **GARY LEE WHITE** won the 1200-yard hurdles in 2:13.3, **BOB FREY** took the 440 in 47.6 over the mid-lap track, and **JAY ELKEL**, defeated Ben Whelan in the 500 with a 57.4 clocking.

A NEW ZEALAND four-mile relay team, anchored by Dick Quax (3:58.1), broke Oregon's 1962 world record by 4 1/2 seconds with a 16:02.8 clocking in Auckland.

Bub's **FRANCISCO ARENE** won the mile in 4:09.3 at the Maple Leaf Indoor Games in Toronto as Marty Leighton, who had been unbeaten since last August, finished third in 4:09.9. The defeat broke Leighton's string of 18 straight victories at the distance. **MARTIN LUTHER**, who had defeated Lee Evans in the 600 with a meet record 1:09.7 while **BYRON DYCE** took the 1,000 by five yards over Coachman's brief Plucky in 2:09.4 (McGinnis and Dyce repeated their names over Evans and Plucky the next night at Cleveland's Knights of Columbus meet). Australia's Ralph Doubell, the 1968 Olympic 800-meter champion, scored an Achilles tendon during the race by other events. **HUBBIE WASHINGTON** equaled the world indoor mark (five yards) first in the 50-yard dash and **PATTY JOHNSON** broke the women's 50-yard hurdles record with a 6.6.

WINTER ALPHAS—**JULIAN CORROCK** of Knichers, Idaho, gained the first medal for the U.S., a bronze in the women's downhill at the 11th Winter Games in Sapporo (page 17).

BASEBALL—**APPROVED**: The appointment of **TOM O'BRIEN**, 34, a Cubs pitcher, assistant the past 10 years, as head baseball coach at Nebraska in 1973, succeeding **BOB EAVANS**, 36, who will retire after next season to devote his full time to being athletic director.

FIREL—**HALLAND TODD**, 37, coach of the Portland Trail Blazers, who had stumbled to a 12-44 record in the NBA, after three years, won 29 games as Denver's Slick, the team's first year of play. **PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT**—**STANLEY A.**, a former head coach at San Jose State, will return to replace Todd for the rest of the season.

NAMES: **Football** coach at Oregon, **DICK ENRIGHT**, 37, the Ducks' offensive line coach the past two seasons, to replace Jerry Etn, who resigned two weeks earlier.

RECORD: **DICK MURPHY**, 51, after 14 seasons and a 91-46 record.

TRADE: By the St. Louis Cardinals, **Running Back CUD EDWARDS**, 28, and Wide Receiver **DAVE WILLIAMS**, 26, in the San Diego Chargers for **Running Back LEON BURNS**, 27, and Wide Receiver **WALKER GILLETTE**, 25. The New York Giants also traded their two defensive linemen, End **FRED DYER**, 25, to the New England Patriots for three draft choices.

DIED: **JOE HERNANDEZ**, 42, who had called every race (15,387) at Santa Anita Park since it opened in 1934; of complications following a lack of the abdomen by a horse, an Amador, Calif.

CREDITS

12-7 Tommie, Neil Lister, 13-Jerry Coyle, 14-John Lister, 15-Jerry Coyle, 16-Jerry Coyle, 17-Jerry Coyle, 18-Jerry Coyle, 19-Jerry Coyle, 20-John Lister, 21-Jerry Coyle, 22-Jerry Coyle, 23-Jerry Coyle, 24-Jerry Coyle, 25-Jerry Coyle, 26-Jerry Coyle, 27-Jerry Coyle, 28-Jerry Coyle, 29-Jerry Coyle, 30-Jerry Coyle, 31-Jerry Coyle, 32-Jerry Coyle, 33-Jerry Coyle, 34-Jerry Coyle, 35-Jerry Coyle, 36-Jerry Coyle, 37-Jerry Coyle, 38-Jerry Coyle, 39-Jerry Coyle, 40-Jerry Coyle, 41-Jerry Coyle, 42-Jerry Coyle, 43-Jerry Coyle, 44-Jerry Coyle, 45-Jerry Coyle, 46-Jerry Coyle, 47-Jerry Coyle, 48-Jerry Coyle, 49-Jerry Coyle, 50-Jerry Coyle, 51-Jerry Coyle, 52-Jerry Coyle, 53-Jerry Coyle, 54-Jerry Coyle, 55-Jerry Coyle, 56-Jerry Coyle, 57-Jerry Coyle, 58-Jerry Coyle, 59-Jerry Coyle, 60-Jerry Coyle, 61-Jerry Coyle, 62-Jerry Coyle, 63-Jerry Coyle, 64-Jerry Coyle, 65-Jerry Coyle, 66-Jerry Coyle, 67-Jerry Coyle, 68-Jerry Coyle, 69-Jerry Coyle, 70-Jerry Coyle, 71-Jerry Coyle, 72-Jerry Coyle, 73-Jerry Coyle, 74-Jerry Coyle, 75-Jerry Coyle, 76-Jerry Coyle, 77-Jerry Coyle, 78-Jerry Coyle, 79-Jerry Coyle, 80-Jerry Coyle, 81-Jerry Coyle, 82-Jerry Coyle, 83-Jerry Coyle, 84-Jerry Coyle, 85-Jerry Coyle, 86-Jerry Coyle, 87-Jerry Coyle, 88-Jerry Coyle, 89-Jerry Coyle, 90-Jerry Coyle, 91-Jerry Coyle, 92-Jerry Coyle, 93-Jerry Coyle, 94-Jerry Coyle, 95-Jerry Coyle, 96-Jerry Coyle, 97-Jerry Coyle, 98-Jerry Coyle, 99-Jerry Coyle, 100-Jerry Coyle.

FACES IN THE CROWD



WILLIAM (Bud) PIHONE has coached Ononts (N.Y.) High tennis teams to a 98-5 record in the past seven years. His teams have also captured a nine-year unbeaten streak on their home court. Pihone himself is a five-time Ononts singles champion.



JOLENE FRIESEN, 16, of Hutchinson, Kan., who has ridden horses ever since she could walk, finished first in the showmanship, Western pleasure and trail class events (youth class) in statewide competition in the Kansas Quarter Horse Association circuit.



ALAN MAYER, a sophomore at Madison (Va.) College, led his soccer team to a 7-1-1 record and won a berth for himself on the N.C.A.A. All-America team. As the Ducks' goalie, Mayer turned in seven shutouts in nine games and averaged 25 saves per game.



JERRY VILLECCO, 18, of Depew (N.J.) High, has a record of 75-3-1 in 3 1/2 years of wrestling. Last season he finished with 25 straight victories and won the state 157-pound title. This season, now in the 168-pound class, he has pinned 11 of 12 foes.



KATHY JAMESON, senior co-captain at Paramus (N.J.) Catholic Regional High, has paced her basketball team to 32 straight wins in two seasons and the 1971 national sectional title. At 6 feet, Miss Jameson averages a team-high 13 points and 24 rebounds.



DICK MOULTON, of Center Harbor, N.H., won the Class A of the All-American Championship Sled Dog Races at Ely, Minn. for the second year. He guided his team of 14 Alaskan huskies to times of 59:59 and 45:45 over a 16-mile course in the two-day event.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

WINTER GAMES

Sirs:

Thanks to what William Johnson termed "one of the tackiest and most depressing-looking sports facilities anywhere" (*Ice-Cold Games and a Solid-Gold Girl*, Jan. 31), SI had an exciting and beautiful cover featuring Annie Henning, and the U.S. has some high hopes for gold medals in speed skating at the Winter Olympics at Sapporo. West Allis and Wisconsin are proud of our country's only refrigerated Olympic rink. If West Allis truly is a "dreary suburb of Milwaukee," Mr. Johnson should attempt to buy a home there; I did, and the closest available was in neighboring New Berlin.

DAVE HUTCHISON
Editor and General Manager
West Allis Star

West Allis, Wis.

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fine article. It was refreshing to see Cindy Nelson's name mentioned as a future Olympic prospect in Alpine skiing. Cindy is from Litsen, Minn., a small town 18 miles west of my hometown of Grand Marais, and has provided many exciting moments for the ski fans in that area. We share Alpine Director Willy Schaeffer's opinion that Cindy is a future great.

RICHARD DOHR

Ely, Minn.

Sirs:

You predict that the U.S.S.R. will win the hockey gold without any trouble from Sweden. But this year Sweden has a new coach, former NHL player Bill Harris, and what he has done for the team is really fantastic.

JAN EIDMO

Pitea, Sweden

GUNNER HOPE

Sirs:

Thanks to Jim Kaplan for bringing Pat Matzdorf into the public eye (*Getting Up in the World*, Jan. 31). This article brought Pat only a portion of the acclaim due him. He will gain the rest of that acclaim this summer when he helps the U.S. to sweep the high jump in the Olympics.

JIM DYE

Beloit, Wis.

HOOSIER HYSTERIA

Sirs:

Peter Carry illustrates the fact that Indiana is the undisputed basketball center of the world in his article about one of pro basketball's greatest franchises, the Indiana

Pacers, and the enthusiasm generated by basketball in general in Indiana (*A Little Hoop and a Lot of Hoier*, Jan. 31).

The state has produced the greatest basketball player in the history of the game, Oscar Robertson, not to mention such notables as Tom and Dick Van Arsdale, Rick Mount, Louie Dampier, Jon McGlocklin and George McGinnis. Next year's crop of rookies may include even more promising Hoosiers, Jim Price (Louisville), Bob Ford (Purdue), Jim Bradley (Northern Illinois) and Joby Wright (Indiana). One cannot mention this great game without referring to some aspect of Hoosier Hysteria.

DAVE HIGHMARK

Indianapolis

TOP BILLING

Sirs:

Right on! The Pittsburgh Pirates' come-from-behind victory in the 1971 World Series was the most exciting sporting spectacle of the year ("Show of the Year," SCORECARD, Jan. 31).

MARK BALAWIEIRA

Pittsburgh

ANTIFREEZE

Sirs:

So far this winter I have been snowbound in three different towns, and most of the time it has been very difficult, if not impossible, to tell if the creature walking toward me was a man, woman or grizzly bear. Therefore, your Jan. 17 cover and related article (*It May Be Nautical, but It's Not the Navy*) were like finding an oasis in a desert. I beg you to keep an eye on our Wyoming winter. If no letup is in sight during the next month or two, a follow-up article would be greatly appreciated.

MARSHALL THAYER

Cheyenne, Wyo.

MYSTERY SKIERS

Sirs:

Here's to Neil Leifer and his camera for capturing the dazzling beauty of those superskiers flying down and off the slopes (*Take It Right from the Top*, Jan. 24). After a recent trip to Vail, Colo., I felt a bit frustrated at not having more time to devote to this fantastic sport. Now, after paging through your article, I am psyched all over again.

PERRY DUGLEY

New Orleans

Sirs:

Thank you for identifying those mystery skiers who leave their tracks on the im-

continued



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possibly steep slopes to humble and haunt us whenever we think we might be getting good. It is the best article on skiing SI has done.

RICHARD TERO

Irvine, Texas

KENTUCKY'S TEAMS

Sirs:

It seems as though University of Louisville Coach Denny Crum stuck his foot in his mouth by saying that he was not overly impressed with any of Kentucky's freshmen and that his own Allen Murphy, a 6' 5" black from Alabama, would "eat any of them alive" (*A Crum Could Take the Coke*, Jan. 24). Less than a week after Crum's statement, the Louisville frosh beat the Cincinnati frosh by a mere two points, 77-75, in the last seconds of the game. Just two nights later the University of Kentucky freshmen played the same Cincy team and won 127-57.

KENNY CURRY

Anchorage, Ky.

Sirs:

Thanks for your great article on the University of Louisville basketball team. Johnny Wooden, here we come.

NICK SIMON

Louisville

HARASSMENT

Sirs:

You mean it took a group of 15 Houston Rocket fans to bring the "Harass them" cheer to your attention (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 17)? Head Yell Leader Eddie Anderson taught us that one (probably made it up, too) while I was a junior at UCLA (Lew was only a sophomore). Eddie brought a new dimension of entertainment to the art of cheerleading with his imaginative, innovative cheers. I think that by the time he took over, UCLA students had become too sophisticated to yell such banal chants as "Hold that line" or "We wanna touchdown." Ah, those were the good old days.

BYRON TRIST

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

To the best of my recollection, the cheer "Harass them, harass them, make them relinquish the ball" was originated in support of the Cal Tech juggernaut many years ago. It was used with great gusto by the rooting section of University High in Los Angeles and by a small but hardy group at UCLA in the mid-'60s.

ROBERT J. AULTIER

Los Cruces, N. Mex.

Sirs:

The cheer was in vogue during my high school years (1961-65) and, considering our

continued



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10TH HOLE *continued*

four-year overall record of 13-21-2, we wanted it quite often.

When the opponents failed to relinquish the ball, we would counter with a second cheer. "Agitate them, agitate them, force them into a blunder."

JIM SHABRAUD

Philadelphia

Sirs:

In the years 1950-63, some of the boys at my alma mater, Boston Latin School, were oft heard to urge on our football teams with, "Pursue them, pursue them, make them relinquish the sphereid." I wonder which old BLS alumnus has made the big jump to the NBA rafter in Houston.

GRAY HARRIS

Boston

Sirs:

It appears those Houston Rockets fans have done a bit of borrowing from the much-maligned Ivy League. Where else could a cheer like "Harass them" have originated? This poignant plea has been belittled from the bowels of the bleachers at Brown University football games for many seasons. But somehow the cheer fails to convey its message—as the Rockets' present record and Brown's undoubted finish as the leader of the nation's Bottom Ten will testify.

JACK BEAZER

Providence

Sirs:

To the best of my knowledge, the cheer was started by the Wildcat marching band at Northwestern University, where it has been used for at least the past several years. Two of our other cheers are: "Fight fearlessly, fight fearlessly and with reckless abandon" and "Advance, advance, ambulate over the turf." Even Harvard couldn't have come up with those! The rest of our cheers, I'm afraid, would not look too good in a national magazine.

SCOTT GOLINKIN

Evansville, Ill.

Sirs:

When I was a student at Williams College 10 years ago, we had pretty much the same cheer going, the only difference being that our cheer was for football and went, "Repuke them, repuke them, make them relinquish the ball."

The Wishbone formation may well have been born on the plains of Texas, but if you want the latest in cheers and effie enthusiasm, go East, old man.

STANLEY T. BUTTER

Oakland

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A paper by Robert C. Anderson, University of Illinois at Chicago, discusses the impact of the 1970 Census on the study of urbanization.



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